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June
1957

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Kindergarten to Grade XII

For prospectus and information concerning admission for September, 1957

Write to

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Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



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THE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE 1956-1957

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THE SENIOR SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL

Guideposts in our Library

Wide knowledge comes from deep thinking, and deep thinking can be stimulated by a close association with books. For that reason, the value of a library in a School cannot be over-estimated. At Balmoral Hall we are realizing the vast scope of our Library as a source from which we can discover necessary guideposts in our search for a way of life.

We know that wide use of the Library can broaden our limited range of information, simultaneously broadening our outlook. Realizing that a little learning can be dangerous, we are striving to be directed by these Library guideposts towards academic achievement.

Another guidepost makes its impression on us more slowly but is important. It is that which directs us towards the reference shelves for illustrations and explanations of art, music, theatre, dance and other cultural influences. We realize that this aspect of our intellectual development is not incidental, but closely related to our academic achievement.

Spiritual in direction is another vital guidepost. In addition to what we learn at School Prayers and from Scripture classes, we can discover still more about our religion from books. This field of learning is vast, but once we become aware of its significant value it can help us to create a pattern for a way of life.

And so with a world of books offering further guideposts and directing us towards academic achievement, cultural development and spiritual security, we, who have barely begun our education, realize with humility the rich resources at our disposal. Let us appreciate to the full our Library, which can stimulate deep thinking, challenge us to wider knowledge and even direct us towards a way of life.

ANTHEA DYKES,

Editor



OUR HEAD GIRL — LYN STEPHEN
OUR SCHOOL CAPTAIN — NANCY WHITE

VALEDICTORY

Dear Girls:

One night last fall we gathered around a "camp-fire" in the gym to sing "Getting to Know You" and officially to welcome our new girls into the school. (Will you ever forget the feathers?) The months have passed quickly, too quickly for most of us, and our wish has been fulfilled — in working and playing together, we have come to know you.

Our first complete year in the new building has been a rewarding one for we have known and appreciated the benefits of our well-catalogued Library, our Common Room, and all the other blessings for which former students worked. We have been pioneers too, in the field of student administration with the introduction of a new office, that of School Captain. Because of your constant help and understanding, we who write this farewell to you feel that this experiment has been successful.

In leaving there is so very much we would like to tell you — for it is when they come to an end that one realizes the true value of school days; the lessons in good sportsmanship, the search for knowledge, the value of religious guidance and the experience of true friendship.

We hope that those of you returning will always wear your uniform proudly and be especially aware of the significance of your crest. Go on and on Seeking Better Things, and keep in mind that nothing is ever achieved without effort.

We who are graduating owe so very much to Balmoral Hall and our sincere thanks go to all the Staff for their patience and encouragement. It will be especially hard to say good-bye to Miss Murrell-Wright who has in so many ways prepared us for a full, happy, and useful life in the world, and who by her example and understanding has taught us more than words can tell.

And now, to all of you — Seniors and Juniors, thank you for your enthusiasm and interest, and most of all for just being the girls you are. Our thanks to you Prefects, for your loyal and constant support, and especially to Beryl, our Sports Captain, who has done a difficult job magnificently.

Finally, to you who will be leaders next year, we wish happiness and the best of luck, and hope that you will have the same enthusiastic support that we have had.

With love,

NANCY AND LYN

Balmoral Hall,
June, 1957.

My dear Girls:

When you read this the Summer holidays will be just around the corner and you will be thinking of the freedom that is soon to be yours. Even so the end of the school year is often teeming with memories of school days to which you cling — your first gymnastic demonstration, or perhaps your last — dancing classes — House meetings — Common Room fun — sun-tanning on the river bank — friends from whom you will soon be separated. Whatever your memories may be I hope that they will include the words of your School Motto — “Meliora Petens” — and the significance of your School crest.

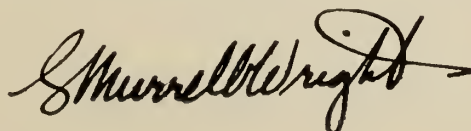
Little has been said this past year about our crest and it occurred to me when some of you who are comparatively new, were receiving School pins, and School rings, that you may not know or understand its meaning. I shall quote from an editorial in one of our earlier magazines: “In the crest, wisdom is suggested by the four white pillars — and here at Balmoral Hall are opportunities for infinite wisdom and great understanding. The wavy lines at the base of the crest represent the tranquil flow of the storied Assiniboine on whose banks we live and in whose beauty we find peace. The eagle, flying high on the crest, symbol of fortitude and power, will always inspire us to aim high, challenge us to be firm in our convictions, and to be satisfied only as we move ever onward and upward Seeking Better Things.”

A crest so fraught with meaning, be it on your tunic, on your pin or on your ring, should be worn with pride and a sense of responsibility. How do you wear yours?

Will you remember that a crest is a symbol and a symbol is a sign? Our School crest is but the first of these signs which you will discover in life. How you observe such signs will indicate to others as well as to yourself just what kind of a person you are.

May Balmoral Hall always be proud of her girls.

Affectionately yours,





BACK ROW—Joanne, Blight, Betty McRae, Anthea Dykes, Alyson Thomas, Elsie Albertsen.

FRONT ROW—Beryl Hoare, Sports Captain, Lyn Stephen, Head Girl, Nancy White, School Captain.

Our Prefects

From "Your Daughter and Balmoral Hall"; an appreciation recently presented by members of the board, the mothers' auxiliary and the alumnae.

"SEEKING BETTER THINGS" AT BALMORAL HALL

If education is to set a pattern for the true ends of living, then the moulding of character and the training of the mind must go hand in hand. With this in mind, Balmoral Hall in its daily routine encourages the development of:

LOYALTY - RESPONSIBILITY AND LEADERSHIP.

LOYALTY is developed through the House System. Each child, from Grade III level, is a member of one of the four Houses. The school uniform, the school motto, "Seeking Better Things", and friendships formed, are influences creating bonds of loyalty to the school. Through competition in all phases of school life, the child is made

aware at an early age, that co-operation and loyalty are basic ideas of the civilized world.

A sense of RESPONSIBILITY AND LEADERSHIP and the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong are qualities which the independent school emphasizes. From the Head Girl, the School Captain, the prefects, and down to the youngest class president, this feeling of responsibility to a position is important. In the senior school, students are given opportunities to plan and to make decisions in various ways—on the magazine staff, on the library committee, as team captains, as House executives, and in many other phases of school life—which will enable them in future years to be good citizens.

L I T E R A T U R E



The Storm

The day dawned brightly. The peaceful blue sky accentuated the fresh green grass. The fragrant flowers raised their radiant faces to the sun. The trees, in their best attire, swayed gracefully in the gentle breeze, that played merrily over the meadow. The brook gurgled at some hidden secret, and the birds sang from pure joy in life. It was a glorious summer morning. Nothing could spoil a day such as this.

By mid afternoon the farmer noticed a slight darkening of the sky but continued his work. Soon he noticed another change. The breezes had stopped their frolicking. The birds had ceased their noisy chatter. The brook gurgled more softly now. Silence reigned. Everything waited in expectation.

Suddenly it came! The sky grew black. The wind arose. It shrieked with anger as it tossed the tree branches to and fro. The farmer hurriedly retraced his steps. He hustled the livestock into the barn. Frantically he cornered the last chicken. Into the barn with it. Now back to the cottage to quiet his slightly hysterical wife. Fighting his way back to the house, he stumbled on the gate which had blown down. He struggled to his feet and moved forward. Now the black sky was torn by streaks of white light. Torrents of rain water dashed down the gullies in their mad scramble to reach the sea. The farmer is at his doorstep, is over it. Now the struggle to shut the door. The bolt, the bolt! There, they are safe.

Crash! Dashing to the window, they gaze with panic-stricken eyes at the world outside. A tree had crashed against the house. The relentless wind is knifing through the cracks in the wall. Stuff them, quickly. Here's a blanket to serve the purpose. There.

Outside the storm rages. The rain plummets down as if to cut great holes in the earth. They can see that the once-gurgling brook is now a ferocious torrent, bent on destruction. A tree falls from the bank and is caught in the clutches of this terror-filled deep. On, on it goes, bobbing up and down. The rain continues. The black sky bellows with rage as a white knife cuts its sides: The

water is up to the doorstep now. It pauses momentarily as if in wonder about what lies beyond, then surges ahead. The farmer and his wife have tried to keep back the raging torrent, but to no avail. The children whimper in fear. Outside, the cry of dying animals mingles with the howl of the wind. The gallant horses fight to rise to the surface of the turbulent waters, but are mercilessly dragged under. A branch lashes the window as if trying to reach safety, but is dragged back by the fierce clutch of the river. What is this? The barn is shaking. It collapses, and is sucked under by the mighty river. The trembling structure is carried down stream, the roof alone remaining above the water, a chicken clinging desperately to it.

The gale loses its force and becomes gentle once more. The rain ceases. The roaring giant of a river becomes calm, and mirrors an already clearing sky. The sun peeks cautiously around a cloud and, finding everything still below, comes forth in all his splendour. The farmer, his wife, and his children survey the ruin of what, less than twelve hours before, had been a beautiful world. The birds again begin to twitter. The remaining trees are lacking branches and leaves. The beaten farmer looks dismally at his land, then brightens. He still has his family, and before long he knows that they will be as happy as before. A little paint here, some seed planting there, some . . .

GAYLE MORRIS,
Grade XI

Old Clothes

Finally the last clasp was unfastened. Trying not to breathe the thick dust which filled the air, she reluctantly pushed back the lid of the battered trunk and peered inside. How common — everyone from the Bobbsey Twins to Nancy Drew had at one time or another stolen up a creaking staircase to a dingy attic, where they discovered ancient relics of former glorious days, reeking with mystery and romance. Determined not to become involved in such nonsense, she ignored all odours, save that of moth balls, and probed into the depths of the trunk with an unwilling hand.

"What rubbish! . . . Write an essay on 'Old Clothes' and bring some to show the class. Well, really, if that's what is wanted, some of my own would do as well."

Sulkily she drew out a well-preserved shoe, and was forced to smile at the high top, the pointed toe, and the wee buttons which went right up the front. How quaint they were, and how uncomfortable-looking! She thoughtfully put them aside as an example, and reached once more into the trunk.

Withdrawing a photo, she was startled by the eyes, so very like her own, which looked out from the gently-smiling face. The picture was signed, "Forever, darling — Margaret," and this message was duplicated in the patient, loving countenance.

Now, she could not contain herself — she delved deep into the musty contents of the chest, dreaming, remembering, imagining. Here, was a worn prayer book, there a book of poems and a pressed violet. Further down she found a tiny lace dress, and baby's locket. Where had that old pistol been used? Figures loomed about her now, talking gaily, whispering softly. Dust forgotten, and mothballs too — Ashes of Roses permeated the room, and sunlight poured through the little window, gleaming upon the brass buttons of a faded uniform.

Near the bottom there were letters: love letters, black-edged letters of consolation, letters of cheer.

In a sudden revelation she realized how lovable these fore-runners were, and how loyal and brave. She felt that she had known them always . . . and then her heart whispered, "They fought for the freedom which you are now enjoying. But they do not expect you to give up that battle — you and your generation must work so that faith and love, hope and international peace may be established forever."

She ventured back into the twentieth century to write her essay, her arms full of "old clothes," and her heart full of hope.

LYN STEPHEN,
Grade XII

At the Lake

I love the green grass, and I love the pink clover;
I love moonlight nights with clouds scudding over.

I love the waves roaring at night on the beach;
I love the pines stretching way up out of reach.

I love where the rocks make the soft ripples break;
I love, yes, I love our place at the lake.

ROSALIND WALLACE,
Grade VIII

Practising

A distracting breeze blows in through the open window, and the voice of your History teacher drones on. You glance at your watch and simultaneously the four o'clock bell rings. Books snap closed, locker doors slam, and school is over for the day. Longingly you gaze out the window at those lucky individuals who do not know the harsh sound of a music teacher's voice. "Maybe they're not lucky at all," you muse, just plain smart instead! There is Joan, stretched out on her back soaking up the rays of the sun — you can practically see her already tanned skin turning darker! You glance at your own white hands, finger-nails neatly tapered to the length best suited to one taking piano lessons, and sigh. You hear a child's voice crying in the distance, the exhaust of a heavy truck, the sweet song of a meadow-lark, all the every-day sounds that make up a glorious summer afternoon. Should a glorious summer afternoon be spent in the dark, cell-like interior of a Practice Room? "It can wait until tomorrow," one half of your mind cries, but the other half retorts, "Your lesson is tomorrow, and you know very well that you haven't practised all week." "Very well," the first half agrees, "to tortue we go! But it certainly seems a shame to waste an afternoon like this!"

You force your lagging feet down the long school corridor and through the open passage-way, sheer will-power pushing you on. Having resisted the most formidable temptation, you breathe more easily. You hear steps approaching but your eyes, still unaccustomed to the darkness of the lower passage, do not recognize the person attached to them. "Hello!" a cheery but unloved, at least by you, voice exclaims, "On your way to the studio, I see!" Her voice ends on a note of expectation. "Obviously she intends me to say 'yes.'" "Uh, oh yes, Miss Dancy," says your natural, or nearly-natural voice. "As if I don't spend all my spare time practising," one inner voice says. "That's right, you don't!" your conscience proclaims. "Oh shush," you say out loud. "You two 'me's' make me feel like Launcelot Gobbo!" "Eh, wot's that?" a puzzle voice asks, coming from the Downstairs Maid. "Oh nothing, just talking to myself!" you say gaily, and with a burning face, you run the remaining steps to your studio.

There follows a harried ten minute search for your music books and for an unoccupied studio. At last, anything but cool and collected, you sit ready for action at the keyboard of the piano. Through the small window set high in the wall, float those gorgeous sounds made by the smart "free" people. Reluctantly but resolutely you turn your thoughts to the scale of B flat minor and succeed in pounding out two octaves, hands together, up and down. Your mind cries, "This may

not be so bad after all—why, we're half way through." "Not so fast," replies your conscience. "You've four pieces and your duets to practise." You spread wide the book with your new piece in it, loving the crisp, fresh feel of its pages and the smell of its newness. The door bursts open and a pig-tailed head with a shrill voice intrudes upon your reverie. "How many sharps in the scale of B flat?" the voice questions.

Fifteen minutes later you return to your new piece with the realization that both you and little Susie Jane have learned something. A piercing wail from the studio next door reduces you to a state of panic. Another, more recognizable sound relieves your mind. It is only Pat, practising on her clarinet. You are good friends, so you drop in on her.

The curtain falls late that evening on a deserted pair of Practice Rooms. In one, lying open on the rack, is a piece of music, brand new and obviously not worked over. Next door is a clarinet only partly put together. The Downstairs Maid, resting on the stairs, nursing her aching feet, reflects somewhat drowsily on the day's happenings. "At least there wasn't the usual racket out o' dem dere Practice Rooms. A couple o' scales and a clarinet blast or two waz all there was today."

SHIRLEY DONALDSON,
Grade IX

The Lonely Shore

Shelly was restless and afraid. Something was wrong at this old mansion. It was so quiet here—too quiet. Against all of her friends' wishes, Shelly had rented a room in the mansion on the Salamahi estate on Key West, one of the islands off Florida's coast. Now she thought that the rumours about this house once being a hideout for gangsters, who had stolen a fortune in jewels, might be true. Maybe the leader really had betrayed the mob and in doing so been killed himself. Maybe the jewels were still hidden in the mansion. But that was nonsense! This estate was so beautiful! How could anything like that ever have happened here? Shelly's gaze drifted toward the ocean shore. The beach was quiet and still. The moon shone on the rippling water and the white sand. The palm trees swayed gracefully in the wind. She went to bed thinking about her holiday.

What was that? Shelly sat up in bed. There it was again! That noise! It sounded like a motor. Shelly sprang from her bed, slipped on her bathrobe and crept silently down the stairs. She heard it again and froze against the wall, then tiptoed silently to the door and onto the porch. The refreshing wind blowing against her and the silence made Shelly wonder if she had been dreaming. Then she saw a light coming from the direction of the shore. Shelly ran towards the beach and crept behind a palm tree.

As she gazed over the sand before her, a look of horror suddenly filled her eyes. She grew faint with fear. There—lying on the sand before her were two bodies. They did not move and showed no signs of life. The light, which was focused on them, revealed dark patches on the surrounding sand. The light came from a flashlight held by a man whose features were covered by a thick black blanket.

Shelly watched, terrified, as the man calmly carried the bodies, one by one, to a motor boat pulled up on shore. He then rowed a short distance, started the motor, and was soon out of sight.

Shelly ran back to the mansion and flew up the stairs. She ran to Mr. Gray's bedroom and pounded on the door. There was no answer. Shelly concluded that he was asleep. She ran trembling to her own bedroom. Sleep would not come. She lay awake in bed thinking until dawn. Who were those men? Why were they here? Maybe it was better that her landlord had not wakened. He probably would not have believed her anyway. She had been expecting such a wonderful holiday and now this had happened!

The next morning at breakfast Shelly blurted out that she wanted to leave. Mr. Gray seemed to stiffen; he eyed her coldly, but said nothing.

As Shelly walked past Mr. Gray's bedroom, she suddenly stopped! Through the open door she saw a thick black blanket lying in a heap on the floor. She stepped fearfully into the room to inspect it. The blanket had two dark red spots in one corner. Shelly shook with fear.

Suddenly she heard a voice behind her. "So you know? I thought so." She swung around. There stood Mr. Gray holding a gun in his hand.

"No!" screamed Shelly. A shot rang out.

It is the following evening. The moon is shining on the rippling water and the white sand. The palm trees sway gracefully in the wind. The shore is quiet and lonely once more.

CYDNEY BURRELL,
Grade IX

Too Late

Leaping from her bed, Elaine Cushing remembered the day. Today was their fifth wedding anniversary and how she wished Andre were home. Tearfully she recalled the sad goodbyes when Andre had left for Vancouver. Ever since then her one hope had been that he would be back in time to celebrate this joyous event. But alas, fate intervened, and now as she sat alone on the edge of her bed, she remembered, and prayed. At least, she thought, he would send her a present. He had promised.

Breakfast was tasteless, and tears streamed into the empty coffee cup, but Elaine had faith, for there were still ten hours until midnight. Noisily a telephone jangled, and she raced to answer the call. It was only the maid asking if she could take the day off. Suddenly Elaine brightened and dashed to her bedroom. Twenty minutes later she emerged, a radiant, spotless angel, beaming in an Alice-blue dress with her hair brushed back to the nape of her soft neck. A picture indeed, as she stood hesitating at the foot of the stairs!

The hours passed swiftly and at last the mailman came. Trembling visibly, Elaine fingered through the mail—a bill, a post card from her sister, another bill, a letter, and at last, a parcel. She glanced at the upper left-hand corner but saw no return address. Her heart stopped beating as she tore off layers of paper only to find a brooch from her aunt. Terrified at the thought, she sat down on the couch and cried softly. Wouldn't he even remember their anniversary? Had she dressed up for a disappointment? No! Surely she must trust him! It was still only three in the afternoon and it was still the glorious day.

But as the minutes passed indifferently, each succeeding tick told her more plainly that there was no use waiting. Slowly and deliberately she peeled off her dress and climbed into the nut-brown robe which he had given her for Christmas. Yes, it was midnight, and as the chimes pealed from the grandfather-clock she realized that it was too late and her fifth wedding anniversary was all over.

To think he had not even written to her, sent her flowers, or even a telegram! Disgusted now, she stared at the large photograph of their wedding where they stood, hand in hand, faces beaming at the rosy future. Traitor! She strode angrily to the picture, picked it up, and flung it across the room, not caring if she ever saw it again. But she did not care too little to notice that where the picture had stood, now lay a dainty white tissue-wrapped package. She stepped closer. Beside it lay a note. —“To my dear Elaine,” it read. “After having lived with you for five wonderful years, I know you as well as I do my favourite book. I know your many charms, and I know your fiery temper. Yes, I know, too, why you found this note, and how you found it. You see, I often forget things, and I knew that if I didn't do it this way I would probably forget even our anniversary. So I found this little gift, and put it here because I knew you would find it. Oh, I don't mind if the lamp is broken, but I still bet that our picture isn't even bent. Elaine, can you ever forgive me? . . .”

What follows is not to be written, but wearing her lovely watch, Elaine will always remember how the hours ticked away until it was too late—but yet not too late, for her fifth anniversary!

SIGNE SALZBERG,
Grade IX

Red

Red is a strong and powerful colour. It can portray happiness, sadness, mystery, and even distress.

There is the red that chases the yellow and pink in a dying sunset, and casts a warm, friendly glow of peace over the world. Such colourful peace can inspire the lucky ones to thank the Lord for their good fortune, and the unlucky ones to pray for a better future.

There is the faint reddish tint that crosses a young girl's face at a well-meant compliment, or at the mention of her idol's name.

There is the felicitous red that makes its way into the hearts of many at the sight of a happy boy flying down a ski-trail in a bright red sweater with healthy, glowing cheeks to match. This picture is enough to make anyone gay, and ready to appreciate life at its best.

There is the frightening red that penetrates our minds with a bright flash and an accompanying whine. It is the blinking ambulance that drives panic into some hearts and relief into others. It is one of the reds signifying life and death.

There is the rich, flowing red blood that keeps us alive. It is a vital colour, and well-known to all. Its presence signifies life to the ill person, or death to the soldier shot down in a battle.

There is the warm red found in the symbol of the famous Red Cross which signifies hope and aid to the suffering, occasioned by pestilence, floods, fires and epidemics.

There is the cold, revolutionary red shown in flags belonging to the anarchist groups throughout the world who do not believe in a lasting peace.

There is the radiant, glowing red of a robin's breast as it joyfully announces the coming of spring, the new season that puts hope into the hearts of everyone.

There is the mysterious red of the hearth-fire that brings warmth and relaxation to all and which one finds impossible to resist when the tongues of flame beckon one to rest and to peace.

These are the reds that are known the world over; the reds found in grand mansions and lowly shacks; on open fields and crowded streets; by proud people and humble folks; in times of war and in times of peace.

Red may be just a little word but it is a colour rich in meaning and significant in the lives of all.

SUE MACK,
Grade XI

The Candlelit Church

So many brides have come this way
 In storied times of yesterday;
 By candlelight their vows were said —
 A soft sheen haloed each one's head.
 The warm glow fell on silks and lace
 And armour in this holy place,
 Gave golden crowns to those who came
 To be baptized in His name.
 The candlelight fell too, on crowds
 Who homage paid to some in shrouds.
 So many feet have softly trod
 By candlelight to come to God.

CAROL WALLACE,
 Grade XI

Marietta

"Marietta, Marietta!" a middle-aged woman with grey hair called to a merry child with blue eyes. "Come here!"

"Look, Maman, look!" the little girl cried, hurrying up to her mother. "I've caught a beautiful butterfly!"

Ignoring her remark, the lady said, "Marietta, be still. All is ready. We leave England tomorrow for France, Papa, and the boys."

Marietta stopped admiring the butterfly and excitedly asked, "Maman, are we really going at last? Do you think Papa will think me quite a grown-up lady?"

"Of course, ma petite," answered her mother, Madame Norteau, her mind already busily planning the things that had to be done. "Run along now and play."

Marietta meant everything to Madame Norteau. She was a small ray of sunshine in Madame's grim world of reality. For Madame Norteau had lost her youngest daughter, Colette, and all her relations in the plague. She had sent her husband and small sons to France and safety, but Marietta had refused to leave her mother when she stayed in England to nurse her sister. Now, they were at last leaving for France.

That night Marietta could hardly sleep for excitement. She would be going home at last, and be able to see dear Papa and her two brothers, Henri and Francois. Of course she had loved England, but she had been born in France and the French blood was strong in her.

A week later, Marietta, in a new cape and dress, climbed aboard the coach and they set off for Dover and the boat. As they neared the great city of London, a shadow of gloom fell upon Marietta's happiness.

"My poor, poor London," she said aloud, "they are building you up again."

Indeed they were, for after the Great Fire of London, which had done some good by ridding the

city of the dreadful plague, King Charles II had decreed that a start was to be made at rebuilding the city.

"How changed you are becoming," Marietta sighed, "and you will never be the same."

"What are you mumbling about?" asked Madame Norteau. "Think of it! We shall soon be in France."

"Do you have no love for England, Maman?" asked Marietta.

"Of course, of course, child," answered Madame Norteau, "but I was raised in France, and that is where I belong."

This only made Marietta feel worse and she sat thoughtfully in the carriage until they arrived at the inn where they would stay while in London.

"Now Marietta," said Madame Norteau as they left the coach, "you may play in the garden until tea-time, but do not wander off because we shall leave immediately after tea."

"Yes, Maman," Marietta said as she skipped off.

"Only a few more hours left," she said mournfully to a sparrow who was perched on a branch of a great oak tree, "and all I can see of London is this small garden."

"Chirp, chirp," chattered the sparrow softly as if he were feeling sorry for her.

"I know what I shall do," said Marietta, "I shall walk down the street just a little way." Then, gathering up her skirts primly, she climbed over the fence and was soon walking down the street.

What desolation met her eyes! The streets were heaped with cinders and a burnt smell hung in the air. Here and there she could also see carpenters rebuilding. Sadly she walked on. Her London was certainly changing, and yet she could not bear the thought of leaving.

Walking still a little way, Marietta stopped aghast. Why, the beautiful cathedral, her cathedral, had been burnt to the ground!

"Oh, no!" said Marietta aloud, "Why, Maman used to take me here every Sunday. I can't believe it!"

But the truth was there and Marietta began to understand the great toll the fire had taken. She felt now that it was better for her to leave London, because the city would no longer be the London she had once known. Already she felt a stranger lost in an unfamiliar world.

"Perhaps some day," she reflected, "some day in the far future, I shall return." Then turning, she ran quickly back to the inn.

"Marietta!" her mother cried. "Where have you been? We have been frantic. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Maman," Marietta replied, "I am ready."

KATHERINE KAUFMANN,
 Grade VIII

Deserted

All is still. The streets, broken and cluttered with rubble, give back an ominous silence. The bleak outline of a bomb-shattered building is silhouetted cold and sinister, in the dying sun.

Suddenly, that terrifying silence is broken! A thin, tremulous wail simmers through the air and a small shadow moves beneath the shell of a building. Large, haunted eyes search the cold, deserted street, while a thin voice utters a wail of anguish only to die to a faint whisper.

He is a mere shadow — his tiny form, hunger-torn, bruised and cut, wasted away almost to nothing. He stumbles along, clutching his dirty, torn, teddy bear for warmth and comfort. His face, streaked with tear stains, is covered with dirt. He staggers and falls to the ground and his body shakes with deep sobs. His teddy bear is crushed beneath him. His anguished sobs decrease until once more there is silence.

As the last rays of the setting sun fade into the pale, watery moonlight, a tiny, inert form can be seen with one ear of a teddy bear showing beside him. He has been left at a time of disaster — deserted!

SHELAGH KELSEY,
Grade XI

The White Lady of Gofton

The lights of Gofton Manor shimmered in front of me as my carriage wound up the long driveway. At times they seemed to flicker and disappear as the wind whipped the driving rain into a watery curtain.

A welcome glow of light pierced the darkness as my host, Lord Gofton, opened the door to greet me. He led me into a large panelled library, where the cheery warmth of a roaring fire soon dispelled the dampness and gloom of my dreary journey.

"You are determined to go through with it?" asked Lord Gofton. "Our White Lady has unnerved more than one brave man, you know."

I nodded. "I have never believed in ghosts, and though I don't doubt that you and the others did see something, I feel sure there is a logical explanation for it."

Lord Gofton shrugged his shoulders in resignation. "Very well then," he said, "it's late, and though I don't expect you to get much sleep, I'll show you to the haunted room."

Holding a candle high above his head, Lord Gofton led the way up the wide, central staircase, then down a long corridor at the end of which was a heavy, baize door. Here he stopped, and turning, handed me the candle.

"I needn't go any farther with you," he said, "in fact, to be truthful, this is as far as I want to go. You smile! Well, I can only say that I hope you will still be smiling in the morning. Now I wish you a good night."

Behind the heavy door a narrow flight of stairs brought me to the haunted room. Some of my courage had begun to ebb. The faint light of the candle barely reached the walls of the room, so that the huge four-poster bed seemed to disappear into unknown darkness. Eerie shadows from the flickering candle did nothing to reassure me, and I shivered, even though the room itself was warm.

I lay down on the bed without undressing, placing the revolver, which I felt would discourage any ghost, on a table beside the bed. Outside, the storm seemed to heighten. Rain lashed against the window, and the wind howled and shrieked around the gables and chimneys of the old house. Finally I dozed off into a fitful sleep.

It may have been minutes later, it may have been hours — I will never know — that I was awakened by a light tapping noise. Sitting up, I reached for the revolver and looked around me. There was nothing. The blackness of the room seemed almost thick enough to feel. Then my blood ran cold, for there against the wall in a far corner of the room, was the figure of a woman dressed in white, seeming to sway with a terrible movement towards the bed.

In a trance, I watched it, but suddenly I sprang back to life again. Picking up the revolver, I wildly began firing at the approaching figure — once, twice, but still it seemed to come on. In a frenzy I emptied the revolver and flung it at my assailant, but she still seemed to advance, silent and menacing. Just as I heard a loud crash, I must have fainted from sheer terror. When I regained consciousness, the mysterious figure had vanished. Sinking back into the pillow I fell into a sleep of deep exhaustion.

The next morning I was up early thinking that a walk in the brilliant sunshine might remove some of the terror which still hung upon me. It happened that I passed beside the wing of the house where the haunted room was located. There on the ground lay the halves of a giant oak which apparently had been struck by lightning during the previous night's storm. As I gazed at it, I suddenly realized that the branches of the fallen tree formed the perfect outline of a woman's figure! Gofton Manor would never more be bothered by the White Lady.

BARBARA WRENSHALL,
Grade IX

The Alien World of Sport

I have always looked upon any object which remotely resembled a ball with suspicion and complete distrust, and regarded physical education teachers as my mortal enemies. I am definitely the indoor type—my nose freezes on tobogganing parties and my feet hurt on nature hikes. The thought of anything more strenuous than tiddly-winks makes me wish I were going to the dentist instead. I have never heard the urgent call of the great outdoors, and never expect to. Besides, I hate fish, I loathe pork and beans, and I always drop the coffee thermos. These I suspect are the reasons I am never invited on pack trips any more.

My first painful brush with the athletic world occurred at the age of six, when my young life was blighted by the gift of a pair of skates. Already I knew what this meant—after all hadn't I been through it all before with my kiddy-car and my little red tricycle? Even the fact that Barbara Ann Scott's autograph graced the blades was little consolation. Well, skates in hand, father and I set out for the rink and my first skating lesson. The events of the afternoon were too painful to relate and nothing much was done about my skating career for several years. Then — one fateful day when I was eight, father decided that it was high time I joined the skating club. We dug out my "Barbara Anns" but they were too small, so we bought a new pair. These came with a personal letter from Sonja Henie and had red pom-poms on the laces. I shall never forget my poor instructor! Never has a man tried so hard to teach someone her edges with such heartbreaking results. He spent hours, desperation in his voice and sweat on

his brow, trying to show me how to do "shoot the duck" without looking like the "Dying Swan", or rather the dead swan. I think he was one of the kindest people I ever knew; he even endangered his excellent reputation as a teacher by allowing me to skate in his carnivals. I finally persuaded him to persuade my parents that there was no hope for me, and I gleefully put the silver blades away forever.

My family are great horse-lovers and with much help, encouragement, and an abundance of dire threats from my father I have somehow managed to become a fairly proficient equestrienne. But none of this came about without a great deal of torture, patience, and "blood, sweat and tears" on the part of father, myself—and the horse. My first riding experience was gained on a fat welsh pony named Jiggs, who looks like Winston Churchill from behind when he is wearing his stable coat. Needless to say, Jiggs and I have never become fast friends. He would stand for hours on my foot staring blandly off into the wild blue yonder while the little pig that went to market was being driven slowly, like a spike into the earth.

My golfing also leaves much to be desired although I am improving. Last time I made it in thirty-six and I did even better on the second hole. My only attempt at skiing was the eventful occasion when I sailed down Hunter's Hill, a non-descript peak with an elevation of approximately twenty-five feet, and crashed into the proverbial tree at the bottom. And, much to my joy, it has been agreed that it would be endangering the lives of innocent people to allow me to go on playing baseball. This momentous decision was reached after I had broken my third catcher's nose by



OUR STAFF

throwing my bat. In fact everyone has just about given up hope of my ever becoming an Olympian. Even my father has stopped buying me noseplugs, and memberships in the Tennis Club. One of my very old friends (he has manfully escorted me to football games and explained the plays to me for years) very kindly puts it this way — "Kathy doesn't want to be strong and healthy, she wants to be pale and interesting."

KATHERINE FAHLMAN,
Grade XI

Footsteps

If you were to stand on a hill in southern Alberta on a winter's night, you would usually hear very strong winds thrashing through the trees, causing the long, prairie grasses to float in dark, shiny waves over the rolling dry land.

Lying in bed on just such an eerie night, I heard a soft padding sound like that of human footsteps, and as I listened, this was followed by a low moaning. As my parents were away, and my sister already asleep, I could not think who could be moving about. I was just telling myself that I had imagined it all when the sudden slamming of a door made me sit bolt upright. Sitting there motionless, I heard the moaning change to a whistle, and then gradually to a piercing shriek.

I could stand the suspense no longer. Cautiously, I moved my left hand to the light-switch, and stepped out of bed. Feeling like a prowler, I trailed the foot-steps to my sister's bedroom, and as my eye fell on the windowsill I suddenly felt glad that in my panic I had not wakened her. I almost laughed as I looked at the windows and remembered how often Father had promised to change the loose copper weather-stripping. Each time the wind came whistling through the cracks it made those irritating noises. I stood and watched the steady flapping of the piece of tinfoil that I had carefully put there myself to stop the rain from seeping through the window casings, and I recognized the soft padding sound that had so clearly been human footsteps.

It only remained to go downstairs and lock the back door whose broken latch allowed it to swing open in the wind. I then returned sheepishly to bed and slept peacefully until morning.

PAMELA MACCHARLES,
Grade IX

The Storm

Crash! A tree thundered to the ground; the desolate, haunted house creaked and groaned in the tormenting wind. The storm became more violent. Two men and a girl, refugees from the storm, huddled together in a large room that seemed as

if it had once been an art gallery. Plaster had fallen from the cracks in the ceiling when branches from overhanging trees had fallen on the roof. The floor creaked with each step.

All was quiet in the house except for the turbulent wind that whistled around the sills. Suddenly, through the howling of the wind, footsteps could be heard coming slowly down the hall. The three people huddled more closely together, terrified, for they had heard that the house was haunted, but had never dared to believe it. The footsteps came closer and closer, pausing occasionally, as if the person was listening for something. Finally, the footsteps stopped outside the door. All eyes grew larger with fear as the old door creaked open and a figure, clad in white and carrying a candle, walked slowly in. From the faint glow of the candle, they could distinguish a woman in a long white robe with a hood. The woman's face was deathly white in the candlelight, and there was as odd gleam in her piercing eyes. The figure stared at them until their nerves were on edge. The girl tried to scream, but her throat seemed paralysed. The figure did not move. The candle flickered in the breeze that drifted across the room.

The storm outside seemed to become more violent and the thunder crashed like a roll of drums. A cackle broke the stillness of the room. The girl fainted with fright. The two men jumped forward as if to protect her. The woman cackled again, and the men presumed that she was mad. The wick of the candle was slowly beginning to burn down. How long was this crazy nightmare to last? What was she going to do with them? The men saw that the woman's plan was probably to wait until the candle was burnt out and they were left in darkness. What was the rest of the plan? The dull moan of the girl's waking up shattered the horror-filled silence. The moans only seemed to coincide with the destructive wind. The men, keeping one eye on the woman, helped her to her feet. The woman's steady stare never wavered, despite the slight disturbance in front of the fire. As if to warn them, though, she took a few more steps towards them. They shrank back nearer to the dying embers of the fire, the men still protecting the girl. One of the men opened his mouth as if to speak, but the terrifying look that the woman gave him, removed all thought of speech from his mind. The three people eyed one another with horror-stricken eyes, and then looked warily at the woman who still stood in front of them, staring. The candle finally flickered out, and spontaneously, the men lunged forward.

"Cut," bellowed the producer jumping up. "We'll have to retake that last part again, but we'll have a short rest now and return to the set in about twenty minutes. That's all for now."

BERYL HOARE,
Grade XI

The Massacre

The Indians had surrounded the settlement and were shooting their flaming arrows over the high walls of the Selkirk Fortress. The soldiers, their uniforms torn and coated with dust, fought with every ounce of strength they possessed. It was their wives and their children who cringed in the shelter below, frightened of approaching death. The women, their faces streaked with tears, closed their eyes in earnest prayer to God. They prayed for their husbands, they prayed for the whimpering children at their sides, and last of all, they prayed for themselves, that they might have courage to face the future.

These were brave men and women, pioneers who opened a gateway for us today.

The Indians, screaming from the sturdy backs of their painted ponies, thought only of revenge against these whitemen who had invaded their country. They felt no pity for the courageous people within the walls they were trying desperately to burn. Around and around they circled, never ceasing their war cries. At last, they could see the sign which meant victory for them. There, behind the strong oak walls was a thin wisp of smoke trickling into the clear blue sky.

They retreated to a distant hill before making their final attack. Silhouetted against the horizon, their black hair whipped by the wind, they were a strangely beautiful sight. A toss of a black head carrying a feathered headdress was a signal which sent them whooping once more toward the burning fortress. Faster and faster they rode, their horses

tails and manes streaming behind them, as they attacked the besieged fort.

While this victorious feeling was rapidly spreading outside the fortress, inside it was pitiful. Horses neighed, dogs barked, and children hysterically cried. The women, their calmness not altogether lost, comforted their children as best they could, and then raced quickly to help extinguish the fire. The soldiers, who were not wounded or dead, loaded and reloaded their muskets, firing continuously.

The fire was out of control now, and panic seized all except the dead. Hopelessly the people milled like crazed sheep, uncertain as to what to do. The air was suffocating as the clothing of men, women, children, and even the hides of the animals were turning to ashes. Many had already perished in the merciless fire, and many more were yet to die.

For two days the Indians continued to circle the once solid fortress, chanting weird songs to their gods. Only a few burnt skulls and metal objects could be distinguished among the warm, black ashes.

The Indians had gained their revenge.

Johnny Terhune closed his history text with tear-filled eyes. How different had been his idea of life among the early settlers before he had read this sad, true tale. He had pictured sunny days without school, a pony to ride, and a mother not continually reminding him to wash behind his ears.

Perhaps all was not so carefree in the pioneer days. Yes, Johnny Terhune was glad that he lived in the twentieth century.

KAREN JONES,
Grade IX

EXCHANGES

The Editors wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

ALMAFILIAN	Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE	The Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN	Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario
THE VICTORY	Churchill High School, Winnipeg
THE CROFTONIAN	Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
SAMARA	Elmwood, Ottawa, Ontario
PURPLE AND GOLD	Gordon Bell High School, Winnipeg
LUDEMUS	Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario
PER ANNOS	King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
THE MORETONIAN	Moreton Hall, Weston Rhyn, Oswestry, Shrops.
THE TALLOW DIP	Netherwood School, Rothesay, N.B.
VOX COLLEGII	Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario
BLEATINGS	St. Agnes School, Albany, N.Y.
ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE	St. Helen's School, Dunham, P.Q.
THE EAGLE	St. John's-Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba
PIBROCH	Strathallan, Hamilton, Ontario
TRIC TICS	United College, Winnipeg
WESTON SCHOOL MAGAZINE	Weston School, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.
THE YORK HOUSE CHRONICLE	York House School, Vancouver, B.C.



THE SENIOR LIBRARY

LIBRARY REPORT

This year has seen the establishment of the new Senior School Library as a valued and integral part of the life of the School. The cataloguing according to the Dewey system of the books from the combined Riverbend, Rupert's Land and Balmoral Hall Libraries, together with the large number of valuable new books acquired as a result of last year's Library Tea, was completed by the beginning of this year, so that we were able to start from September with the new system.

It did not take long for everyone to become familiar with the new arrangements, and with the advantages of the catalogue file which lists books according to author and title, and also according to their order on the shelves. A short acquaintance with the Dewey classification numbers allows this last list to be used as a subject index.

In order to help borrowers to become accustomed to the new system, filmstrips were shown, illustrating the preparation and classification of the books. There were still, however, numbers of people whose exploration of the Library rarely extended beyond the fiction shelves, until in February the process of "getting acquainted" with the new Library culminated in the Library Quiz.

This was designed to introduce competitors to parts of the Library which were still unknown territory to some of them. Questions sent girls to all sections in search of answers; jumbled titles were unscrambled; the connection between call-numbers and subjects was investigated; and the use of books of reference was encouraged by such questions as: "Who was known as the Mapmaker?" "Which

Spaniard fought with windmills?" and "What does 'ratiocination' mean?"

The winner from Grades X, XI and XII was Faith Wilson, and from Grades VII, VIII and IX, Barbara Wrenshall. Craig Gowan House obtained the highest number of points.

A plan was established this year to make greater use of out-of-date periodicals. Useful articles and pictures from discarded magazines are now being kept on file, and National Geographic magazines can be made use of with the help of the index volumes.

Apart from the books acquired at the Library Tea, over sixty books have been added to the Library during the year. The majority of these were gifts; for these our very grateful thanks are due to the donors.

We are also extremely grateful to Mrs. Leach and the mothers who helped her in the formidable task of repairing many battered books which are now back in circulation.

The smooth running of the Library under the new system has been due in no small measure to the work of the Student Librarian, Elsie Albertsen, and the girls of the Library Executive and Committee. They have been responsible for circulation, posters and publicity for the Library, and checking, as well as for many small tasks, all of which have contributed to a very successful year.

J. E. DAWSON,
Staff Librarian

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE

1956-1957

Executive

Honorary Librarian	Lyn Stephen
Librarian	Elsie Albertsen
Staff Adviser	Mrs. Dawson

Margaret Gillespie	Reesa Riesenberg
Margaret Macdermid	Carol Stirling
Susan Mack	Jayne Swinden
Gayle Morris	Carol Trimble
Carol Wallace	

Committee

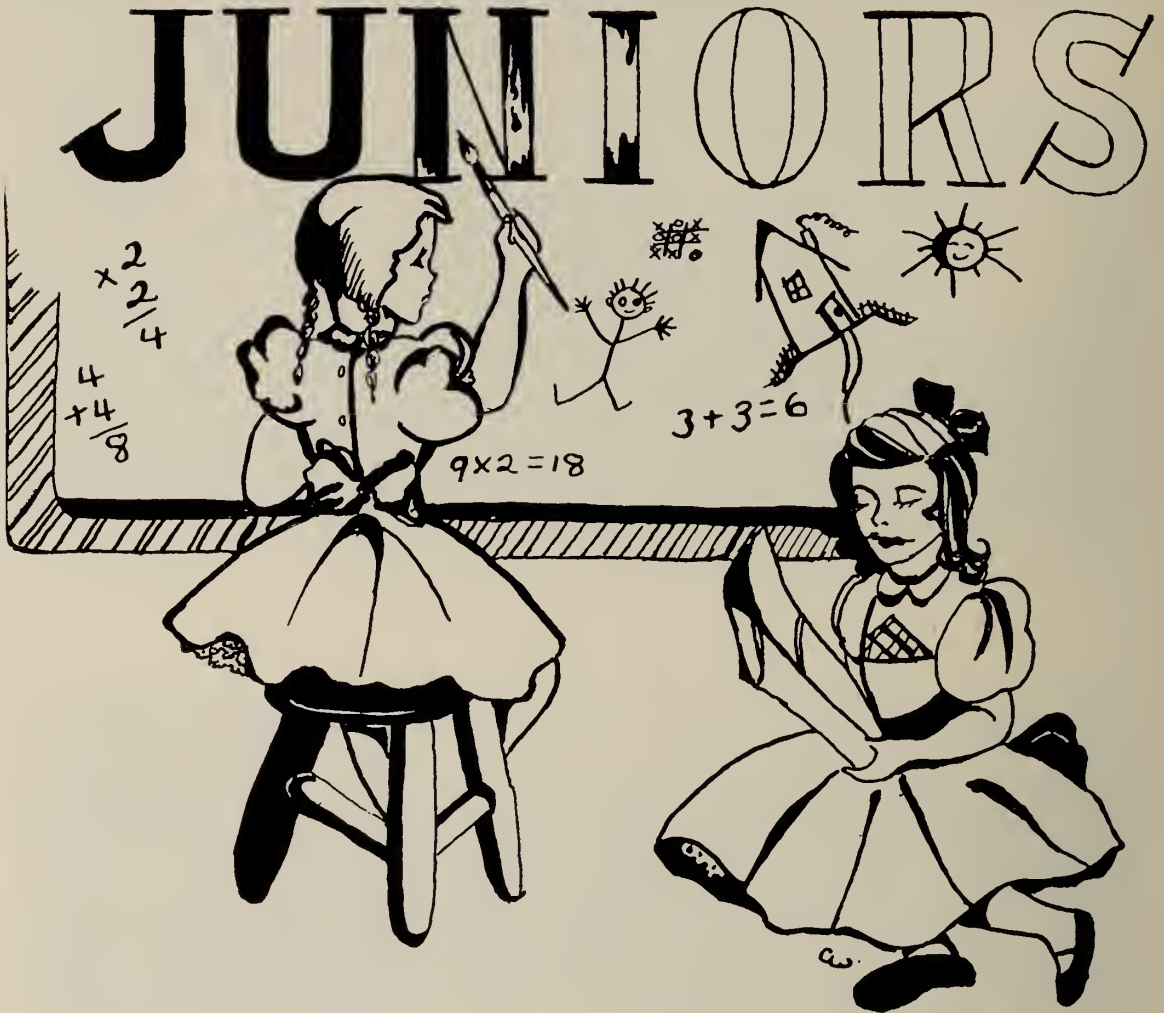
Gail Allman	Barbara Sidgwick
Maureen Ford	Helen Smith
Faith Wilson	



OUR NEW JUNIOR LIBRARY

This is a room with a charm and a personality all its own. It belongs to the Junior School but the Kindergarten comes to it — some Senior girls come to it — and the Staff comes to it. There is a rug on the floor, a record player and records to go with the books on the shelves. We have French stories in French, English stories in English. There are Bible stories, myths, legends, fables, books on history, geography, biography, art, music, science and fiction, all classified and catalogued just like the Senior Library. The reference shelves are right up to date with a new Globe and Atlas, a large Oxford Dictionary, the new Junior Encyclopaedia Britannica and a Comptons on order.

A Junior Library — perhaps — but we are *all* using it — and — loving it.



Underground Adventure

It was Sunday evening and John was taking a stroll down the lane just before he had to come in for bed. He was thinking about the June examinations and worrying a little about the composition paper. As he rounded a bend in the road, he saw something shiny in the path, about the size of a quarter. He bent down to pick it up, and as he was putting it in his pocket he saw that where the quarter had been, was a small metal ring. He was an inquisitive lad, so he pulled it, and a trap started to open at his feet. He closed it quietly and knocked, just to be polite.

As soon as he had done this, a haughty butler opened the door.

"What do you want?" he asked, in the nastiest voice John had ever heard.

"I, I well, . . ."

"You want to see Lady Holly, eh?" Thinking that John was a suitor, he continued, "She's had enough for one day, but you may stay the night, I suppose."

He led John, who was too surprised to protest, to a small but cosy chamber and left him. He got ready for bed, climbed in and soon dropped off to sleep.

In the morning when he awoke, he looked out of the window, expecting to see his mother's flowers in bloom, and hear the birds singing. Instead he saw a large garden of plants, something like giant holly. He dressed quickly, putting on a suit of green velvet he found on the chair. A few minutes later the butler arrived and took him to breakfast. After that he was told to amuse himself till noon when he would meet Lady Holly. There was not much to amuse himself with for everywhere he went an invisible force from the giant holly plants pushed him back. The only place he could go was to his room. The hours dragged by.

Finally it was time, and John was led down a spiral staircase into a large bright room. There on a large couch, wearing a holly wreath on her head and a lovely green gown, was the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen. She stepped down and took his hand and said to the butler,

"Jenkins, don't you think he is a little young for a suitor?"

"He knocked at the door, so I thought . . ."

"But he did not say what he wanted?"

"No . . ."

"I reject your suit, young friend," she said, turning to John, "but I hope you will stay and visit our beautiful land."

Those few days were the most exciting ones John had ever spent. He walked through unusual gardens beneath his room, and beside clear running streams and small water falls.

At that moment mixed with the sound of the water, he heard his mother calling, "John, John, wake up; the doctor is here to see you."

After the doctor had gone, his mother explained. He had come in last night from his walk in a daze and climbed into bed. This morning he had awakened with measles.

His mother asked him later where he got the shiny new quarter and the huge holly berries she had found in his trouser pocket.

MARGED THOMAS,
Grade VI

Supposing

Supposing you get the chicken-pox,
Be a geologist studying rocks.
If you just don't go for that,
Make yourself a funny hat.
Or if your dear heart yearns for reading,
Choose a book of certain breeding.
If it's dolls and toys you like,
For heaven's sake, don't ride a bike.

Supposing that you get the mumps,
And your bed is full of lumps;
When your throat is swollen up,
Suppose you are a poodle pup.
If you're loving nature study,
Suppose you're a tree, all green and buddy.
If your mood is dull and flat.
Try to be a persian cat.

Perhaps the day is drear and cold;
Shine your armour, Knight so bold!
When towards the lake you go,
And the train is oh — so — slow,
You could perhaps a blue jay be,
Sitting on a passing tree.
So now, when on your back you're dozing,
Try to spend your life Supposing.

JOAN SELLERS,
Grade V

What the Owl Saw

An owl was sleeping on a branch of a big oak tree. It was sleeping because owls usually sleep all day. One day, the owl woke up because he heard a loud noise. He rubbed his eyes to get the sand out, then he looked down from the branch to see what was there. Then he rubbed his eyes again because he saw a strange animal. Her babies had their tails wrapped around their mother's tail. The babies were hanging upside down and were swinging back and forth. The owl thought he was imagining that, so he tried to get back to sleep. But he could not because he was still thinking about the strange animal that he had seen. If you go into the same wood, and if you go down to the old oak tree, you might see the old owl. He is trying to think of the name of that strange animal he saw on the branch of the old oak tree three years ago. He still does not know.

SUSAN BRACKEN,
Grade III

Betty's Birthday

One morning Betty asked her mother, "Mummy, when is my birthday?" Mother answered, "Next May the 25th." "I want Daddy to get me a dancing doll as big as me, so that I can dance with it."

On May the 25th, when Betty woke up, what do you think she saw beside her bed? A big dancing doll! "Oh!" she said. "Just what I wanted." And there was a note on the doll. It said, "To Betty, from Mummy and Daddy."

JEANIE RILEY,
Grade II

A Snow Bunting

Have you ever seen a Snow Bunting? I've seen a whole lot singing in a maple tree. You see, I was playing outside when I saw the charming bird. It was a mother Snow Bunting keeping her baby birds warm.

The babies were very sweet, and soon learned to sing like their mother. Then they learned how to fly. In March they went away. They came back again in December. And how they would sing! They had lovely voices. I would dance to their tune.

Now they have gone away, so I'm waiting every day for them to come back.

KAY WILSON,
Grade III

A Cat

I met a cat as black as night;
He loved to eat and he loved to fight.
He went to see a circus gay,
But couldn't get in for he wouldn't pay.

NANCY SYM,
Grade III

Caribbean Holiday

Have you ever wanted to visit Haiti, Dominican Republic, and Jamaica?

Last year I went to all three of these islands. The ship left Miami, Florida, on December seventeenth while the band played and people threw streamers. Sailing down the channel to the South Atlantic was like fairyland with all the city lights shining in the distance under a full moon.

Port au Prince in Haiti was our first stop. Here we visited a museum that looked like a little church. The most interesting item in the collection was the anchor from the ship "Santa Maria", sailed by Christopher Columbus.

Late that day our ship sailed for Cuidad Trijello, Dominican Republic. It is a beautiful city and this is where you see the "Columbus Tomb". The iron casket is in a white marble tomb. We were in Cuidad Trijello for New Year's Eve. At midnight the people always celebrate with fire-crackers. The señoritas looked so lovely in their Spanish dresses and mantillas.

We docked in Kingston, Jamaica, two days later. Kingston is a busy, noisy sea port. Here we rented a car and drove over a big mountain to the north shore where it is very tropical. We also visited Montego Bay and Ocho Rios. On the way to Montego Bay we travelled along the sea, passing the well known "Rose Hall" sugar plantation. Many years ago, the mistress was known as the "White Witch" because she was cruel to her slaves.

After two weeks we returned to Kingston, then to Port Antonia for a day. The passengers went River Rafting in the "Rio Grande" and visited the "Blue Lagoon". The "Blue Lagoon" is so deep nobody knows its actual depth.

Very late that night when the ship's anchor was lifted, we knew it would not go down until we were back in Florida.

BRENDA LE BEAU,
Grade VI

In Mars

One night, Jack was lying in bed thinking about the birthday party he was to have the next day.

Suddenly he found himself in a very strange land full of queer little people who were only two feet tall. They were all very busy planting plants that looked like cabbages. Then, out of a cave came a strange man dressed in a silver robe. He wore a striped hat of gold and silver, and in his hand he had a thing that looked like a metal plate. This, Jack was told, was a flying saucer on which one travelled when in Mars. Behind this queer man came hundreds of little people dancing. The man called out to Jack.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am Jack; I come from earth. Who are you, and where am I?" asked Jack.

"You are in Mars, and I am the ruler of this country. My name is King Fit," answered the stranger. "Would you like to come with me and see my home?"

"Yes, please," answered Jack politely, so they both entered the cave.

It seemed a long time before they reached a large room with walls covered with gold plates and a great big light shining through the ceiling. The seats were made of toadstools and the table was a big trunk of a tree painted silver. In the centre of the room was a huge gold throne. Jack and the King sat down and enjoyed a meal of raindrops and star pancakes. After they had finished eating, King Fit took Jack out to see his garden which had the largest and the most beautiful flowers that Jack had ever seen. They were all nine feet tall and all the colours of the rainbow. That night Jack slept in a bed which was so low it almost touched the floor.

Next morning, Jack and the King went on a journey over the kingdom and saw where the hundreds of little men made the flying saucers.

As they reached the end of their journey, Jack suddenly found himself falling through space, and awoke with a scream to find his trip to Mars had only been a dream.

JENNIFER ALEXANDER,
Grade VI

Wu

In China there lived a small boy, Wu,
Whose pride and joy was his long black queue.

He liked to sit with his bamboo pole,
And catch silver fish for his small round bowl.

Sometimes their junk he would have to bail,
And this he would do with a large, deep pail.

Now little Wu is tied to the mast,
Though he wiggles and squirms he remains tied fast.

While he is there he dreams of Shanghai,
The fabulous city where big ships lie.

Then he goes to the little hut on their junk,
And falls asleep in his cosy bunk.

NORA BAKER,
Grade VI



JUNIORS ON THE WAY HOME

Skating

I love to go skating
On our river rink,
But if the ice cracks
I surely would sink.

DEBBIE DICKSON,
Grade I

A Limerick

There was an old lady in Rome,
Who wanted a new dome on her home,
She did not know whether
It should be in leather,
But finally decided on chrome.

LYNN FOLLIOTT,
Grade VI

Fluffy and Duffy

I have Fluffy and Duffy,
They're two little kittens;
They like to play
With all my mittens.

ELAINE WILEY,
Grade I

My Grandpa

His hair was gray, his eyes were blue,
They showed his kindness through and through.
He had a heart, a heart of gold,
A heart that never would grow old.

And now though he is out of sight,
I dream I see him every night,
But though dear Grandpa I can't see,
I know he's smiling down at me.

LILY SWAFFIELD,
Grade V

My Teddy

I have a little Teddy;
Teddy is his name.
I was glad when Teddy came.
And when I go to bed at night,
I hug him with all my might.

CATHY PENNOCK,
Grade II

Aunt Martha's Jewel Box

Once upon a time long, long ago there lived an old, old lady called Aunt Martha. Now Aunt Martha had two nieces, Helen and Mary Anne. Both were eleven years old, Helen was a girl who liked to get into mischief, while Mary Anne was quiet and easy-to-please.

One day, while Helen and Mary Anne were visiting Aunt Martha, she showed them her old, old jewel box. Mary asked where it came from, and Aunt Martha told her it came from her great-great-grandmother. Helen said she would love to own such a lovely thing. Then Aunt Martha opened it. Immediately there arose a great "Oh-h-h" from the girls, for in the box were sixty-three diamonds and twenty-two rubies!

"What a lovely price they would bring if you were to sell them," said Helen. "You could go around the world twenty-nine times over."

"Yes, I could, but I shall never sell them," said Aunt Martha, "because they were willed to me by my great-great-grandmother."

That night, Helen got up very quietly and went into Aunt Martha's room. She saw the jewel box, and tiptoed over to it. Very quietly she lifted the top and took six diamonds and two rubies. She then tiptoed back to her bedroom, put the gems under her pillow and went to sleep.

The next morning Aunt Martha looked in her jewel box and discovered the jewels missing. Immediately she notified the police and a search was started. However, after two months Aunt Martha gave up and called off the search. Three months after that Helen decided enough time had elapsed, so she made up her mind to sell the jewels.

She picked out a small shop and went in. Directly she entered a small voice said, "What can I do for you today?" The voice was that of a small crooked old lady behind the counter.

"I have some jewels I would like to sell," said Helen. She opened her purse and took out the jewels.

"Oh-h-h!" said the little old lady. "May I see one?"

"Certainly," said Helen, and gave her one.

The old lady took out a glass and examined them. "What! Young lady!" she said. "These stones are pure glass!"

"But they can't be!" said Helen.

"Oh, but they are, young lady. You see there is a strange legend behind such stones. As soon as they leave the box in which they sit, they turn into glass."

"Oh," said Helen, "in that case I had better go."

"Yes, you had better go," said the old lady.

When Helen got home she told Aunt Martha what she had done and Aunt Martha forgave her.

That night, in bed, Helen wondered if the old lady had anything to do with the stones turning

into glass. She would never know because Aunt Martha had put her jewels in the bank, and when she tried to find the pawn shop the next day there was nothing but an empty lot in its place!

JOAN SMERCHANSKI,

Grade VI

Spring

All birdies sing,
All bluebells ring,
Merry spring!

Flowers gay
Come out to play,
Merry spring!

KAY WILSON,

Grade III

The First Animal I Named

When I was walking in the woods, I met a big creature. It was as big as an elephant but it wasn't an elephant. In fact, it didn't even look a bit like an elephant. It had fire coming out of its mouth and nose, and it looked like a big green monster with a fireplace for a head. It was stomping toward me with its big red eyes flashing. I had seen all the pictures of animals, but none of them looked like this one.

It had a huge tail like three lions put together. It was like the animals of long ago. It had a wavy back. I wondered what I should call it. Its tail dragged on and on behind, and I was starting to get an idea. I thought for five minutes, and then I knew what I would call him! I called him a Drag, and then I thought that didn't sound right, so I thought I should put "on" on. I tried that and it sounded like this—"Dragon." I thought that was fine. So that is how you hear the stories of dragons.

PATRICIA PENNOCK,

Grade III

The Bears

I went upstairs
To see some bears.
They slept in pairs,
Those funny bears.

MARGARET ANDISON,

Grade III

OUR KINDERGARTEN



WE LIKE TO WORK



WE LISTEN TO A STORY



BRENDA — FOR SALE

The Dolls' House Tea

Mothers, daughters, workers, all milled about our improvised tea-room in mad confusion. This crowd was largely made up of rapt admirers of the wonderful doll display. There were dolls to excite even my age group, and I am sure that the mothers had as much pleasure choosing their favourites as their daughters will have later playing with them. There were brides, ballerinas, babies, ladies, and our own Brenda Balmoral.

The far end of the gymnasium was devoted to the tea-room, where four colourful tea-tables supplied the weary shoppers with a welcome rejuvenator. These delicious refreshments were the result of patient mothers' long hours in the kitchen.

The feature of the tea which made the biggest impression on me was not the beautiful dolls, the groaning home-cooking table, or our flowery tea-tables, but the ingenious and delightful posters. Scattered up the stairs and all over the walls were blue-pinafores, blonde-pigtailed paper dolls. They were popular with everyone, and when they were auctioned the following week, the bidding was keen.

The day after the tea the School heard with amazement that this most successful project of the Mothers' Auxiliary had realized over sixteen hundred dollars which will be used for the new Junior Library.

ANTHEA DYKES,
Grade XII

The Dolls' House Tea

Where are we? In fairyland? No, we must be in Dolls' House Land for look at all the dolls! For months now, the girls and mothers of Balmoral Hall have been working for the Dolls' House Tea. They have dressed dolls, and made clothes, doll accessories, decorations, and signs to lead visitors to the magically-changed gymnasium. There are baby dolls of all sizes, little dolls in plastic bathtubs, twin dolls, bride dolls with "going away" clothes, and big walking dolls. In fact, any kind of doll you could wish to see. Beside dolls there are dolls' clothes, dolls' skates, roller-skates, cowboy boots, hat-boxes, crinolines, small packages of bubble bath, and even face-cloths and soap. Everything a doll could want! We also see books with the main characters represented by dolls. There are, for example, the beautiful Heidi and a dear little Stuart Little with a very long tail. Beatrix Potter books are here with little statuettes of their main characters, such as Peter Rabbit in his little blue jacket. As well as all the wonderful dolls, there is a home-cooking stand laden with delicious food. I think I shall always remember this exciting visit to the Land of Dolls.

NORA BAKER,
Grade VI

The Magic Egg

A surprise came to the Junior School Grades one day. The Junior League were putting on a puppet show entitled "The Magic Egg."

The egg was tied to Mermud, the sorcerer's waist. Everyone was trying to capture the egg from him. Andy, a young boy, lost his way and came to a sign which had "Mermuddle" on it. That was the town he lived in. The sorcerer soon captured Andy and brought him to the bottom of a lake where he made Andy a merboy.

With the help of Dewdrop the dragon, Thomas B. Turtle, Blow and Bubble the two fishes, and Maria, they all tried to get Andy out of this jam. When the sorcerer had his rest, Dewdrop, who was his guardian, agreed to help get the egg from him. They got Mermud's cook book. After mixing all the ingredients together a pair of scissors appeared. They cut the rope and got the egg. When the sorcerer woke up he realized the magic spirit of the egg had flown away. Andy and Maria changed back into children and everyone was happy.

We wish to thank the Junior League for a happy afternoon, and we hope they will return again soon.

LINDA LEACH,
Grade VI

The Robins

Down in the shade of the old oak tree,
Two little robins hustle with glee.
For they are building a sweet little nest,
And are trying to make it their very best.

Soon the mother lays five little eggs;
Some days later out pop two legs.
Then a head, and soon a breast,
And one more robin's in this nest.

Soon all five of the eggs are hatched,
In this little nest so nicely thatched.
And then quite soon they learn to fly,
And away they go up in the sky.

SANDY FUNNELL,
Grade V

Our Lady Spring

Spring is a lady dressed in white,
In green, in gold, in silver bright.

She puts the land in summer wear
And then works wonders everywhere.

The little seeds in their tiny beds
Raise their tiny, little heads.

The plants shoot up at sight of Spring,
And life, and joy to all she brings.

The sun shines longer every day
And all the leaves are out by May.

The birds return and swell their song
Over the earth, — loud and long . . .

To Lady Spring whose loving hand
Has wrought such wonders o'er the land.

MARGARET FISHER,
Grade VIII

A Seed Falls

A seed
Falls
On sandy land;
But lies
And wilts
In the sun.

A seed
Falls
On stony land;
It tries
To grow,
But fails.

A seed
Falls
On thorny land;
And grows,
But chokes
And dies.

A seed
Falls
On fertile land;
It grows
And grows
And forms a rose.

NANCY ANN EATON,
Grade VIII

The Bear at the Fair

There once was a little bear
Who went to a city fair.
He got into trouble
When he fell in a puddle.

PATRICIA PENNOCK,
Grade III

A Queer Man

As I went home
Along the street,
I saw a man with seventy feet.
His eyes were blue,
His hair was neat;
But, Oh! those funny-looking feet!

HEATHER CAMPBELL,
Grade IV

Castles in the Air

You don't need loads of bricks and wood,
Because it's quickly understood
That castles which are built in air
Are built of substances more fair
Than any found within the land,
And built so well of stones and sand.

The windows shine like diamonds fair,
While orange blossoms spice the air;
The lands about are fair and green,
And children play about the scene.
For you can build them anywhere—
These lovely castles in the air.

ROSALIND WALLACE,
Grade VIII

A Summer's Scene

The song of the birds
On a summer's day;
The sound of children
Happy and gay;
The fragrance of flowers
That wave in the breeze;
The soft winds blowing
Through the trees;
The bright blue water
Lapping the shore —
It's a scene to remember
For evermore.

SUZANNE EVANS,
Grade VII



THE SCHOOL CHOIR

The Carol Service

The crowded gymnasium, lit only by Christmas trees, was hushed; the students filed in slowly, carolling "The First Noel". It was December nineteenth, the day of our annual Carol Service, when girls and parents pause in the midst of holiday hustle and bustle to be silent and to remember the true meaning behind the gifts, the happiness, and the beauty of Christmas. After a short prayer, the ever-lovely Christmas story was unfolded, transporting us to Bethlehem and to the foot of the manger. After the closing prayer, the School processed out to the joyful carol, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing".

A Scene in the Common Room

Last Christmas the Common Room was a beautiful sight. At the far end of the room stood a huge Christmas tree, glittering gaily with the decorations and ornaments put up by the boarders. The green curtains were drawn together to give the room an extra touch of Christmas. The gaily wrapped presents lay under the tree, and as I looked at them it seemed to me such a pity that the boarders would open them later on in the evening. The colourful party dresses, which the girls wore, added to the glory of the party. This sight was a happy one indeed and it gave me a warm glow inside to realize how fortunate we were to be able to celebrate the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ in this way.

DIANE PHILLIPS,
Grade IX

The Music Recital

In honour of St. Cecilia's Day, the twenty-second of November, a music recital was presented for the parents and staff by the piano pupils of Mrs. Bancroft and Miss Bibby. The programme began with a short, but informative speech about St. Cecilia, followed by St. Cecilia's hymn, "Thy Kingdom Come, O God", sung by the School Choir. The pianists, who ranged from Grade IV to Grade XI, then presented a varied programme, including works of Tchaikowsky, Schubert, and Clementi. They performed ably and provided us with an excellent afternoon of music.

The Christmas Dinner

Smiles, party dresses, and food were the principal components of our Christmas dinner on December 18. The colourfully dressed girls and staff overflowed from the drawing-room into the hall during the rousing carol-cocktails which began the evening. Mrs. Dennis and Miss Bibby accompanied the carols on the piano, and played all our favourites.

When the guests had arrived, the party proceeded to the dining room, where a turkey dinner was served to the bubbling crowd in the glimmer of candlelight. After dinner, the girls went to the Common Room to meet "Santa", and the staff gathered in the drawing room for coffee. The friendly atmosphere and Christmas spirit of this evening will long be remembered.

Lecture on India

On Monday, February 4th, the Reverend T. M. Dustan visited the School and talked to us of his work both as Headmaster of St. Paul's Boys' School, Palampur, and as a missionary for the Anglican Church of Canada.

He spoke of the problems facing a country which lacks the unifying force of a common religion or common language. The boys of St. Paul's School, for example, may be Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, Sikh or Christian, and very few would speak the national language, Hindi. This language is introduced in the early grades and involves learning a script unlike those of any of the dialects which might be the student's native tongue. English is taught from Grade Six onwards and is very important since so many Indians go to Commonwealth countries or to the United States for higher education.

Mr. Dustan illustrated his lecture with slides including beautiful views of the Taj Mahal and India's White House. We saw a striking mixture of the old and the new, the ox-drawn plough within a few miles of fine modern buildings, the ragged beggar beside the educated Indian in European dress. Among the slides of St. Paul's School was one showing the boys at work rebuilding part of the school, and levelling the ground for the athletic field. From the impressive collection of trophies they had won at a recent meet, it was obvious that the boys were sports' enthusiasts.

In summing up the ideals of the school, Mr. Dustan showed the school crest on which the lamps, open book and hockey sticks symbolize work and play, strengthened and illuminated by worship.

AUDREY LE MAISTRE,
Grade XII

Gifts to the School

Balmoral Hall is always happy to take this opportunity of saying "thank you" for gifts received during the year. We acknowledge gratefully a painting by Bouchant; an organ which is used daily at Morning Prayers; a dozen and a half place settings for the Home Economics classes and also a Singer sewing machine; two table lamps for the Common Room; a record player for the Junior Library; chesterfield and chair for the Staff Room; numerous valuable books for the Senior and Junior Library. As we send this Magazine to Press, we once again say, "Thank you."

"Lecture-Rehearsal"

On Tuesday, January 15th, about one hundred and fifty girls waited rather impatiently for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet to appear. At last, Mrs. Farrally, the Artistic Director, entered, followed by the dancers wearing practice costumes — leotards and tights. "Mrs. F.", as the girls often call her, introduced the Company, and while they took their places at the barre, she explained that dancers must always warm their muscles by doing exercises before starting a ballet.

After this preliminary, we saw "Roundelay" by Ruthanna Boris, a ballet without a story, "done just for fun," as Miss Boris put it. Some parts were rather slow and solemn, while others were so gay they almost made you laugh. When the stage-sets for "Roundelay" had been removed, Miss Boris appeared in a white costume of feathers and net, and danced the beautiful and famous "Dying Swan". She was breath-takingly lovely, and so graceful that it was easy to imagine a swan in her place. This is a ballet which many dancers yearn to do, but few have the honour.

I am sure that after this exciting afternoon many of the audience went home hoping that one day they too would learn to dance, and I know that everyone felt that it was a great privilege to have this special performance at the School.

DONNA DAY WASHINGTON,
Grade IX

The Library

The most interesting room in the School is the Library. There, without leaving the chair, we can be transported to far-off places on a magic carpet. We can travel to the steaming jungles of India, the burning deserts of Africa, the heather-clad slopes of Scotland, and the prairies and rolling hills of our own country. From our vantage point we can visit the different peoples of the world today and learn the customs and the problems which confront them as individuals and as nations. There are also the wonderful characters of Dickens, delightful comedies and stark tragedies of Shakespeare, border stories of Scott, jungle tales of Kipling, or the amusing tales and characters of Mark Twain. These and a host of others provide much enjoyment, drama, and instruction for everyone. I therefore definitely believe the Library to be the most interesting room where the thoughts and teachings of the greatest minds the world has ever known are available to all who would seek them out.

CAROL STIRLING,
Grade XI



BALLATER HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—J. Gallie, S. Donaldson, E. Kilgour, G. Rice, G. Allman, S. Kelsey, A. le Maistre, S. Mack, M. Ford, M. Gillespie, J. Ross, H. Smith, G. McLaughlin, (Head of House).
 THIRD ROW—A. Sellers, B. Gillespie, G. Cernohlavek, S. Salzberg, D. Mathewson, M. Cross, P. Dalglish, M. Fisher.
 SECOND ROW—L. Leach, K. Jones, L. McKenty, J. Thorkelsson, M. Chant, J. Berry, L. Colville.
 FRONT ROW—K. Zoltok, J. Sutherland, J. Moody, J. Sellers, A. McLean.
 ABSENT—M. Buchanan, H. Campbell, M. Thomas, M. Wiley.

Ballater House

The House on The Sloping Hill

Dear Ballater:

Once more we have reached the end of a school year, and as we say our goodbyes we think back over the many memories this year has given us. In our track and field day Ballater did very well to have placed second, and I would like to commend Pat Dalglish for winning the intermediate championship. Volleyball was a bit later on in the season and we managed to secure third position in the House league. In basketball, after Christmas, our senior team rallied for a well-earned third position, and our junior team played for second place. After Easter there will be the completion of the ping pong tournament, and the annual swimming meet.

At Christmas, Ballater placed first in both work and conduct, which was an accomplishment we can well be proud of. How I remember our Saturday morning detentions!

To Mrs. Little, our staff advisor, and to Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Wilmot, and Miss McMillan I extend a sincere thank you for always standing behind us when we needed help or advice. Also, I would like to thank Jane Ross our sports captain, Marg. Gillespie our Secretary, and Shelagh Kelsey our uniform mistress for the fine work they have done this year. And now, Ballater, I want to thank you for the wonderful support and loyalty, you have given me this year, and for your keen enthusiasm in supporting our house. Whether it was working off a conduct point or busily thinking of answers for the library quiz you all did it cheerfully and it was good fun for all of us.

To next year's house head I say—you've got a wonderful lot of girls. I hope you get as much pleasure and enjoyment out of working with them as I did.

Love to you all, and God bless you.

GALE McLAUGHLIN,

Head of Ballater

Dear Braemar:

It is hard to believe that my last year at Balmoral Hall is drawing to a close. This year has been an unforgettable one for me and I shall always remember the good times we have had together! As Head of "our House" I have come to know you all and love you in spite of the fact that our names are found more often than not gracing the pages of the conduct book. But your good spirit and sense of humour made even our Saturday morning days of redemption fun.

You have achieved a great deal this year. Although we did not win the cup on Sports Day we ran hard and jumped high so that many Braemar names appeared near the top of the list. Later in the Christmas term we played a series of volleyball matches, in which Braemar placed second. At Christmas-time we also tied for a well-earned first place in uniform. In the Easter term, our seniors placed second in basketball. You all contributed to the House in the Literary Competition, and most of us made a valiant attempt to complete the Library Quiz which the Library Executive conducted. The Junior Skating races were also great fun. We have embarked on the ping-pong tournament and are all awaiting the outcome. We still have baseball and swimming and I know you will do your best in both.

I would like to thank our wonderful Sports-Captain, Jennifer Young. Without her help we could never have carried on. Thank you too, Beryl Hoare, our Prefect. Your loyalty and support in every House effort has been indispensable. Thanks is due also to our staff members, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Miller, Miss Klimack, Miss Macdougall, and Mrs. Thomson.

And now I would like to thank every one of you—for your enthusiasm, your support, and your ever-present help when I needed you most! I am proud of you all—from the littlest grade four to the biggest grade eleven, each of you who wears a blue pin has proven yourself a true "Braemarite." You have all given something of yourself to the House, whether it was your bubbly personality that kept us from being discouraged when things looked blackest, your ability to make 100% in French, or your skill in making a basket from the middle of the court, you gave something that was "you."

You are a wonderful group of girls—I shall miss you all and I will never forget you. I wish you and your House Head, whoever she may be, good luck next year and always!

With all my love,

KATHY
Head of Braemar



BRAEMAR HOUSE

THIRD ROW—K. Fahlman (Head of House), G. Morris, C. A. Cory, J. Katz, P. Moss, B. A. McFarland, C. Shepard, D. Lee, C. Glesby, D. Macnamara, J. Evans, J. Young, T. Butler, B. Hoare.
 SECOND ROW—W. McPherson, K. Kaufmann, G. Steele, J. Burton, D. White, C. Yates, J. Mercer, L. Wilson, F. Wilson, L. Watson, H. Miller, N. A. Eaton, D. McNaughton, D. White.
 FRONT ROW—C. Lount, D. Cruse, N. Russell, M. Murray, N. Baker, E. Clough, L. Follitt.
 ABSENT—B. Payne.



CRAIG GOWAN

IN THE TREE—N. Moffat, B. Wrenshall, B. Nichol.

FOURTH ROW—J. Blight, C. Stirling, L. Funnell, S. Peers, A. Dykes, M. Lazareck, A. Weinstein, D. Elwood, C. A. Fields, L. Stephen, B. McRae (Head of House).

THIRD ROW—C. Trimble, P. Hampton, N. Webb, M. Dowse, K. Armytage, J. Stevenson, G. Jacobson, M. Dyker, B. Sidgwick, K. Fox.

SECOND ROW—L. Band, S. Riley, B. White, B. Le Beau, C. Kelsey, R. Stewart.

FRONT ROW—S. Funnell, L. Swaffield, G. Long, J. Alexander, S. Huggard.

ABSENT—B. A. Aitkens, S. Averbach, W. Bracken, S. Evans, N. Genser.

Dear Craig Gowan:

As another year draws to a close I want to thank you all—Grade IV to Grade XII—for the loyal support that you have given me. We have welcomed many new girls who have quickly acquired the Craig Gowan spirit and helped our House.

We have shone particularly in athletics this year. On Sports Day your keen enthusiasm was shown by placing first. Congratulations to Carol Stirling, Monica Dowse and Gail Long for their success in this day's events. We played volleyball hard in October and managed to win the cup at the end of the term.

During the Easter term we won all our basketball games placing first again for the second year. Here, I would like to thank everyone who attended practices so regularly.

This term, Craig Gowans, we have the Swimming Meet, Softball and the Ping-Pong finals to look forward to. In the skating races I was pleased to

see many juniors and intermediates participating. The ping-pong is not yet finished, but I am very pleased to see that a number of us have won our matches. We came first in the Library Quiz, with Barbara Wrenshall obtaining the highest score.

Before I close I should like to extend my special thanks to Mrs. Chown, and to Miss Lucas, Miss Oswald, Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Keogh for their helpful advice and support. I would also like to thank Joanne Blight, our Sports Captain, Carol Trimble, our Secretary and Naomi Genser, our Uniform Monitress for their very great help during this year. It has been a wonderful honour and privilege to be your Head and it is an experience I shall never forget.

Goodbye, Craig Gowans, and I wish all the very best to you and your Head next year. I hope to come back and see you often.

Love to you all,

BETTY McRAE,
Head of Craig Gowan

Dear Glen Gairns:

To all of you who wear the red pin, "Thank you" for your loyal support during the past year. I have felt proud to be your Head and it has been an honour which I shall never forget.

We started off the year with a bang by having the most entry points on Sports Day. Special congratulations go to Carol Armstrong for placing first in the senior high-jump. Although we did not win the cup, it was a wonderful day for all and I was especially proud of your helpfulness, enthusiasm and politeness.

We did not come first in basketball or volleyball, but all the 8:30 practices (they weren't so bad!) and the games were lots of fun as well as good exercise.

Remember the Library Quiz? I am pleased to say we came a very close third in that contest. Congratulations!

Three cheers for our juniors and grades seven to nine! You did exceptionally well in the skating races. Unfortunately, we seniors could not have our races, because mother nature stepped in with spring!

Before the school year draws to a close, there

will be a ping-pong tournament, and a swimming meet. Good luck all! I know you will do your best.

To wind up the year with fun and frolic, we look forward to a house party at the home of Patricia McMahon. I am sure it will prove to be an exciting day.

At this point I would like to express my special thanks to Mrs. Price, Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Burrige, Miss Bibby, and Mrs. Elliot for their support and advice given to us this year. Also I want to thank Rae, for her outstanding work as sports captain; Elsie, for her efficiency as secretary; Carol, for her helpfulness as uniform monitress; and last but not least, Nancy, School Captain, for her never-ending encouragement during the past year.

My best wishes go to next year's Head; you have a wonderful group of girls to work with. I know you will find the same keen enthusiasm in the house as I have found this year.

Now to you all, I say, "Keep smilin'," and may God bless you.

My love,

ALYSON,

Head of Glen Gairn



GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FIFTH ROW—J. Swinden, R. Riesenber, E. Albertsen, B. Park, J. Wilson, M. Macdermid, C. Wallace.

FOURTH ROW—C. Kipp, L. Elliott, J. Harris, C. Burrell, R. Burrell, N. White.

THIRD ROW—P. MacCharles, G. Carter, C. Swinden, D. Philipps, J. Munro, D. D. Washington, J. Welply, C. Albertsen, A. Thomas, (Head of House).

SECOND ROW—B. Howat, A. Urquhart, J. Smerchanski, H. McGibbon, C. Bobrowski, S. Moorhouse, M. Brown, P. McDonald.

FRONT ROW—S. Stewart-Smith, M. Andison, K. Curry, D. Wilson.

ABSENT—C. Armstrong, V. Burdett, P. McMahon, L. Riddell, R. Wallace

“The Red House Special”

It's 7:30 A.M. and time for the “Red House Special” to make its daily run. All aboard, tickets please! Let's take seats in the observation car and see the sights as the “Special” winds its way through the Red House.

The first passengers leap nimbly up the steps; they are D.D., Gail, and Ginny, our bubbling, babbling ballerinas, and Karen, our athlete. Across the street we slow down at “The Fireplace” but all is still and quiet with owners Joan Gallie, Joan Burton, Carol, and Nina soundly sleeping. Mrs. Elliot, the driver of the Red House Special, gives a firm warning signal as we pass. To the right is “Little's Lodge”; the proprietor, Mrs. Little, is Grade VII's form-mistress.

We climb Mount Staircase, speeding over the highly-polished rails, kept shining by Beth, our Head Porter. Around the bend we pause to pick up Margaret, Kathy, Pat, and Suzanne, who do not interrupt their slightly confused discussion of Ballet and Basketball. The next stop is the home of the “Water Babies”—Margot, Betty, and Sylvia. From a pile of snow in the garden opposite, Gail and Rose emerge and jump on board. As we approach the next climb, our driver casts a longing glance at her doorway and thinks of the peaceful hours ahead when the train has made its trip.

Now to the top of the mountain and “The Teacherage” with Miss Oswald, Miss Bibby, and Miss Wilmot. Standing at their door, Marged and Louise are patiently waiting, and take their places quickly, but the train whistle blows long and loud before Judy, Diane, and Shirley come rushing out of “The Musical Box.”

All these are passengers with season tickets, but on certain trips visitors Heather, Judy, Carol Anne, Nancy Webb, Nancy Eaton, Nicky, Jane, and Kathy add to the gaiety in the coach.

“There goes the breakfast bell! Everybody out, end of journey — watch your step.”

S. DONALDSON,

G. L. CERNOHLAVEK.

The Library

The most interesting room in the School is the Library. It has an atmosphere of quiet, peaceful happiness. I get the feeling that the books are all trying to tell me at once how good their stories are. When I go into the Library, I can browse for hours trying to find exactly the book to fit my mood and I usually find two or three. Whether it be happy or sad, gay or dull, there is always a book to fit my mood.

JENNIFER YOUNG,
Grade XI

All Asleep

My eyes can see,
My feet can walk,
My ears can hear,
My mouth can talk.

My nose can smell,
My tongue can lick,
My teeth can bite,
My toes can kick.

But while I sleep
The whole night through,
They all are still,
They're sleeping too!

JOAN GALLIE
Grade VIII

Meet the White House

Hark! did you hear that pistol shot? Well no! it was just Tasma exercising her wings from the third to the second floor (I must remind Miss Murrell-Wright to put in stairs), and narrowly missing Kathy who is scurrying to one of her daily baths.

It is Saturday morning after breakfast and, as we walk into Tasma's bedroom, we see Noreen and Carol Ann jiving instead of making beds. In the Fire Escape Room, Cindy consoles Jo for her sprained finger received at the last basketball game while Maureen is diligently polishing her guide buttons. Helen listens, enchanted, to Elvis' latest song.

Across the hall in the River Room, Beryl is shining her whistle for the usual Saturday morning game, while resting her blistered feet on the radiator. Gayle is “gayly” singing as she tidies her drawers and Marg is seen packing her suitcase for the big weekend. Elsie is pondering over some diabolical schemes for Saturday morning detentions.

We come downstairs to the Fireplace Room. Kathy, needless to say, is still in the bathroom, and Gale is in the Grade XII room collecting her Calgary *Heralds*, which block the doorway and hide the beds! In the next room are Sue and Pam, temporary immigrants from the Red House — enjoying the “quiet” of the White House and adding to it. Now we visit the Grade XII's where Audrey is trying to retrieve one of her turtles which escaped while she was giving them fresh water. “Ev” has decided that she would like to return to bed to fight off her spring fever (flowers, birdies), while Anthea is silently but diligently practising her ballet, using the bunk as a bar. Gran has gone to obtain her ring “out of hock” and Sue is loudly demanding to know who ate her wardrobe.

“Tidy rooms,” is what we hear as Miss McMillan patiently goes from room to room reminding everyone that work comes before play.

BETTY McRAE,
Head of Residence



SCHOOL



ACTIVITIES



Castles in the Air

When I was just a little girl,
Before I was quite eight;
I used to dream the whole day long,
Beside the garden gate.

I dreamed of many different things,
Of chocolate bars, and toys,
And even though I was so young
I often dreamed of boys.

I also dreamed of sailing boats,
Across the deep blue sea,
And carrying cargoes round the world,
To gain much more for me.

I dreamed of crowning kings in Spain,
And clothes that would not tear;
I dreamed I was an architect
And built castles in the air.

CYDNEY BURRELL,
Grade IX

The Cottage

Town's air is stale, its noises loud;
I think of this as I watch the crowd
Of thwarted people whose only thoughts
Dwell on the town and its useless plots.

Two hours away the Real Life waits,
For those who will pass its piney gates
To live with Nature and her bountiful store.
How long till I return once more!

LOUISE MCKENTY,
Grade VIII

Grade Seven on the Library Shelf

"Little Women"	Suzanne Evans and Dily White
"Water Babies"	Anita Urquhart and Karen Zoltok
"Call of the Wild"	Betty Nichol and Vanessa Burdett
"Great Expectations"	Julia Berry and Patricia McMahan
"Dream Days"	Wendy McPherson and Janis Thorkelsson
"Daddy Long Legs"	Carol Albertsen and Gael Swinden
"Deep Flowing Brook"	Diane McNaughton and Anne Sellers
"Good Companions"	Monica Dowse and Pamela Hampton
	Helen McGibbon and Audrey Weinstein

The Scientific Approach

Object:

To make a good Grade VIII

Materials:

Four Executives — Wendy, Jane, Pat and Judy Stevenson
Three Noisemakers — Margot, Nancy Eaton and Judy Evans
Three Latecomers — Joan Mercer, Joan Burton and Diana Mathewson
Three Absent-minded Ones — Sylvia, Geraldine and Lindsay
Three Book-Worms — Brenda, Kathy and Margaret
Three Scarecrows — Suzanne, Rosalind and Nancy Webb
Four Perpetual Hairdressers — Lynn, Nina and Louise Watson
Five Defaulters on Bench Day — Carol, Diana MacNamara, Joan Gallie, Judy Harris and Louise McKenty

Method:

1. The above assorted materials were carefully arranged in single file at appointed hours, and moved four times daily in this formation in silence.
2. Class President gave daily reminder to hand in homework. Novel reading at this time was prohibited.
3. Vice-President stood at the door until books were picked up from floor and put away tidily.
4. Daily straightening of tunics and weekly cleaning of shoes was enforced. Combs were banned from the classroom, but used regularly in wash-rooms.
5. Occasional extra bench duty for defaulters was instituted.

The mixture was kept in a sunny classroom for six months with frequent short breaks for relaxation. Vigorous basketball and volleyball games were found to be vital for producing the desired chemical change.

Observation:

At first the reaction was slow and uneven, but gradually a recognizable unit emerged. No diminution in vitality or good spirits was noticed.

Conclusion:

With the cheerful and persistent efforts of good executives 27 strong individuals can form a lively Grade VIII.

Nine Features at the Exhibition

At the Arena:

Thrilling Display of Horsemanship by Lenore Band, Cheryl Yates, Gail Steele

Graceful Gymnastics — "The Tumbling Trio" by Barbara Gillespie, Pamela MacCharles, Diane Philipps

Badminton — Exhibition Game by Karen Jones, Deidre White

At the Swimming Pool:

Demonstration of Style and Speed by Kathleen Armytage, Noreen Young

At the Theatre:

Ballet — "Pas de Trois" by Ginny Cernohlavek, Tasma Butler, Donna Day Washington

Drama — One Act Play by Jocelyn Wilson, Susan Peers, Cydney Burrell

Music Recital by Carol Anne Fields, Judy Munro, Shirley Donaldson, Gail Carter

Art Exhibit — Paintings by Margaret Buchanan, Barbara Wrenshall, Signe Salzberg

Fashion Show — Creations by Heather Miller, Susan Averbach

Grade X

A is for absence with Allman in lead,

B is for Burrell who's sure to succeed.

C is for Cory who's bound to be there and
D is for Dyker with flaming red hair.

E is for Elvis: Pat thinks he's the end —

F is for Ford our photographer friend.

G is for Glesby who's always a — Dremen

H is for Helen who's always a — schemin

I is for ink from Glorianne's pen

J is for Joe, the joker of "10"

K is for Katz and for Kipp — not a fish

L is for Lazareck — a "coif" is her wish.

M for MacFarland — it's "Bets" that
she chooses and

N is for needle that Liz ably uses.

O is for order which Barbara endorses

P is for Perfect in all the X courses —

Q is for Quiet; by that we mean Lynne,

R is for Rice and Riddell so "thin."

S is for Sidje, our one-time class Pres.

T is for talking — "that's Armo" we sez.

U for United; Diana would love it

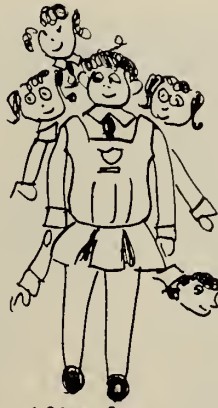
V for Jane's Vigour which all of us covet

W is for Wilson of which we have two

X, Y and Z — we shall leave up to you.



Glen Gairn



GRain Gown



Braemer



Ballater

Recess Lines



The Gymnastics and Dancing Display

An outstanding event of the year was the Display held on May 10th, at the Playhouse Theatre. The evening began with an immaculate school standing on the stage to sing "O Canada" and a warm address of welcome by Lyn Stephen. Following this the junior school gave a delightful demonstration of the way in which self-confidence and elementary muscular control are learnt by directed play, and the obvious enjoyment of the performers won the audience's hearts in the first five minutes.

After the intermission there was a lively and varied programme of dancing directed by Miss Fielde. There were tiny green elves, dainty dolls, sailor boys and girls, colourful peasant girls, and, of course, the beautiful white tu-tus of the senior ballet. The highlight of the dancing was The

Hurdy-Gurdy Man with bouquets to D. D. Washington, J. Cernohlavek, Tasma Butler and Margaret Fisher.

The demonstration of senior work in gymnastics showed graceful exercises using hoops and wands, skilful balancing feats at dizzy heights, and excellent work on the mats and vaulting box by the special gymnastic class. The finale blended several of the earlier activities into an effective formation on various heights of apparatus. The generally high standard of work throughout the programme reminded us how fortunate we are that gymnastics at Balmoral Hall is under the direction of Mr. Per Thorsen.

NAOMI GENSER,
Grade XI



A SENIOR BALLET GROUP

SPORTS

Sports Report

Track and Field Day started off this year in sports, with volleyball, basketball, skating, ping-pong, swimming and baseball each playing an important part in the School programme as the year progressed.

I would like to thank the School basketball team for their conscientious play throughout the season, particularly during our exhibition matches. My deepest appreciation goes to the House Heads, the Games Captains and Lyn, for their valuable help at games during the year. Without this help we could not have had such a full sports programme.

In conclusion, I would like to wish next year's Sports Captain the best of luck, and I hope that she will have as satisfying a year as I have had.

BERYL HOARE,
Sports Captain



BERYL HOARE — SPORTS CAPTAIN

Alumnae Games Night

One Monday, February 4th, the Old Girls challenged the Present Girls to a basketball match. The game was extremely exciting and enthusiasm was shown by all the players. The Present Girls scored a victory over the Old Girls.

In return, the Present Girls challenged the Old Girls to a volleyball match. Once more, the Present Girls won, but both matches were exciting and closely contested.

Boarders vs. Day Girls

In March, the Senior boarders challenged the Senior day girls to a basketball match. This was a very enjoyable event, with the boarders beating the day girls in the end.

The day girls returned the challenge — this time to a Junior volleyball match. Both sides put up a strenuous fight, with the day girls being victorious.

Our Sports Captain

We would like to add something here which Beryl will not have in her report. This year, we did not have a games mistress, which left much of the responsibility in the games world to Beryl. We will be forever grateful for her cheerful and efficient organization on Sports Day, during the volleyball and basketball House tournaments, and her management of the School Basketball Team, which resulted in our victory over the Alumnae — an unheard of feat! For this, and much more, our sincere thanks to Beryl as she leaves the school. May her energy and enthusiasm which inspired us all, carry her on to still "better things".

LYN STEPHEN
Head Girl



SPORTS DAY

Sports Day

On October 10th we held our Annual Sports Day. It was bright and sunny, and much warmer than usual, which greatly added to everyone's enjoyment. There was keen competition between the houses, with Craig Gowan winning top honours for the day.

Senior Champion
 Carol Stirling—Craig Gowan
 Intermediate Champion
 Patricia Dalgleish—Ballater
 Junior Champion
 Monica Dowse—Craig Gowan
 Midget Champion
 Gail Long—Craig Gowan

Volleyball

The Inter-House volleyball games were held during the Christmas term. Enthusiasm was shown in every house, with Craig Gowan placing first in the tournament, Braemar second, Ballater third, and Glen Gairn fourth. Congratulations, Craig Gowan.

Ping Pong

Intermediate Champion—Karen Jones, Ballater House. Senior Champion — Miriam Lazareck, Craig Gowan House.

Basketball

Congratulations to Craig Gowan for winning the basketball cup. Ballater placed second, with Braemar coming a close third. There was keen competition between the houses and all the games were hard-fought.

Special congratulations are due to the fourteen members of the School team who played many exhibition matches. The regular attendance at practices helped to improve the standard of play and to give the team a very successful season.

Swimming

Junior, intermediate and senior events were held at the Y.W.C.A. on Friday, May 31. Keen competition was shown in all the races. The House Relay was won by Glen Gairn, Braemar came top in the diving, but the swimming trophy was carried away by Craig Gowan. Congratulations!

Skating

This year the seniors were too slow to participate in skating races as the weatherman beat them in a sudden thaw. The juniors and intermediates, however, came through in fine style, with Glen Gairn placing first, and Craig Gowan and Ballater placing second and third respectively.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM—1957

BACK ROW—B. A. Aitkens, A. A. le Masitre, B. McRae, L. Stephen.
 MIDDLE ROW—G. McLaughlin, A. Thomas, A. Dykes, R. Burrell, G. Allman.
 FRONT ROW—L. Wilson, L. Elliott, B. Hoare (Captain), H. Smith, B. Sidgwick.



CRAIG GOWAN VOLLEYBALL TEAM—1957

STANDING—B. A. Aitkens, N. Genser.
 FRONT ROW—S. Peers, M. Lazarek, D. Elwood, C. Trimble, B. McRae (Captain), B. Sidgwick, J. Blight,
 L. Stephen, A. Dykes.

BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM 1956

- Sept. 12—Boarders arrive.
 Sept. 13—Opening Prayers.
 Lyn Stephen, Head Girl, and Prefects receive cords.
 Sept. 15—House Heads elected.
 Sept. 18—House Heads receive pins from former Heads.
 Sept. 19—Class Presidents elected.
 Sept. 20—First House meetings.
 Oct. 5—Thanksgiving Service.
 Two new Prefects appointed.
 Oct. 5-8—Thanksgiving Weekend.
 Oct. 9—First Brownie meeting.
 Oct. 10—Sports Day.
 Oct. 11—House pictures taken.
 Oct. 12—Mothers' Auxiliary Tea.
 Boarders attend "You Never Can Tell" at Playhouse Theatre.
 Oct. 15—Library Executive announced.
 Oct. 17—Magazine Executive announced.
 Oct. 20—Boarders attend Mantovani Concert.
 Oct. 24—United Nations Day.
 Special Gymnastics opening class.
 Oct. 25—Red Feather Campaign.
 Oct. 26—St. John's Ravenscourt Hallowe'en Dance.
 Oct. 30—School entertains Mrs. Vaughan and Miss MacGregor.
 Oct. 31—Hallowe'en visit from Old Girls.
 Nov. 1—All Saints' Day. Early Service at All Saints' Church.
 Nov. 2—Initiation Party.
 Nov. 16—Dolls' House Tea.
 Nov. 16-19—Junior Boarders' Weekend.
 Nov. 21—Junior Symphony Concert attended by Grades VII, VIII, and IX.
 Alumnae Meeting.
 Grade XII visits Normal School.
 Nov. 22—First Piano Recital.
 Dec. 4—Boarders have diphtheria inoculations.
 Craig Gowan wins volleyball finals.
 Dec. 6—Collection of canned foods for Point Douglas Mission.
 Dec. 7—Collection of clothes for Canadian "Save the Children Fund" and St. Aldhelm's Mission.
 Dec. 10-18—Christmas Examinations.
 Dec. 11—Collection of toys for Point Douglas Mission.
 Dec. 12—School Prayers: Rev. Serson Clarke.
 Dec. 18—Junior School Christmas Party.
 Boarders Christmas Party.
 Dec. 19—Christmas Carol Service 2.30 p.m.
 School closes for Christmas Vacation.

EASTER TERM 1957

- Jan. 8—Boarders return.
 Jan. 9—School re-opens.
 Jan. 15—Open rehearsal of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
 Jan. 22—Boarders attend performance of Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
 Jan. 24—Mr. Wilhelm Kaufman takes the Art Classes.
 Feb. 1—Senior Boarders attend St. John's Ravenscourt hayride.
 Feb. 2—Basketball game — Balmoral Hall vs. Viscount Alexander High School.
 Feb. 4—Lecture on India by Rev. T. M. Dustan of Palampur, India.
 Alumnae Games Night.
 Feb. 6—School Prayers: Rev. M. L. Goodman.
 Feb. 7—Senior Boarders attend "Othello".
 Feb. 13—School Prayers: Rev. G. F. Dyker.
 Feb. 15-17—Boarders' Weekend.
 Feb. 20—School Prayers: Rev. F. R. Gartrell.
 Feb. 22—Basketball and volleyball — Boarders vs. Day Girls.
 Showing of film, "A Tale of Two Cities".
 Feb. 26—Boarders attend Marion Anderson Concert.
 Feb. 27—Salk Vaccine — Kindergarten-Grade IX.
 Mar. 6—School Prayers: Rev. G. D. Kelly.
 Mar. 8—Boarders attend St. John's Ravenscourt Cadet Ball.
 Mar. 9—Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. West Kildonan High School.
 Mar. 14—Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. University Bisonettes.
 Junior Skating Races.
 Mar. 19—Basketball Game — Balmoral Hall vs. United College.
 Mar. 20—School Prayers: The Very Rev. G. Burch of Edmonton.
 Mar. 28-Apr. 5—Easter Term Examinations.
 Mar. 30—Manitoba Gymnastics Competition.
 Apr. 2—Piano Recital.
 Apr. 10—School closes for the Easter Vacation.

SUMMER TERM

- Apr. 23—Boarders return.
 Apr. 24—School re-opens.
 May 8—Red Cross Drive.
 May 10—Demonstration of Gymnastics and Dancing at the Playhouse Theatre.
 May 17—Victoria Day Weekend.
 May 31—Inter-House Swimming Meet at Y.W.C.A.

- June 3—Fashion Show and Tea.
Presentation of Athletic Awards.
June 7—Piano Recital in Drawing Room.
June 8—Alumnae Luncheon for Graduating Class.
June 9—Closing Service in the School Grounds.
June 14—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church, followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall.
June 14—Graduation Dance at the School, 9.00 p.m.

ALUMNAE NOTES

School Day Memories

The joys, the fears and the embarrassing moments of former school days came to life on May 4, at the Alumnae Get-Together Luncheon, when representatives of the three previous schools and the present one assembled together. Many laughs and much chatter was the result of memories' wheels aturning! Thanks from the Alumnae to Miss Murrell-Wright for her suggestion to hold this luncheon in lieu of a Spring Tea. Why not something similar each year, perhaps at Annual Meeting time?

Miss Idell Robinson, of the famed Nursery School, started the ball rolling by reminiscing about by-gone Havergal Days, telling tales of beaus on bicycles at the bottom of fire escapes and balls of string hanging out of the window (connection?), of forbidden snacks hidden in the most incredible corners, and of those glorious slides down the staircase. It is interesting to note here that Billie Baker, Miss Robinson's first pupil in her Nursery School, is marrying an air force officer on May 11.

Boarding school highlights were Mrs. Windatt's most vivid memories, mentioning the McBride sisters and Mrs. Osler as cohorts.

The days of black bloomers worn for basketball games seemed not too far off for alums such as Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Hobday and Mrs. Chisholm. A protest was made for even yet visible scars.

Daughters' bad doings were remembered, in particular, the stuffing of the piano by Mrs. McCaw's off-spring! Congratulations to Marjory Ann (Chisholm) Johnson, President of the Junior League, who is representing Winnipeg in California shortly.

Donna Smale, planning to be married in the fall, will never forget when Carolyn Dowler Reid was ordered to scrape the gum off all the chairs and desks as a punishment for chewing gum herself.

Mrs. Airdrie Bell Cameron can still feel her teeth stuck together by those scrumptious caramels, when asked a question by a rather bewildered substitute teacher! Mrs. Cameron's daughter, Janet Matthews, is living in Dauphin where her

husband practises law. A three-year-old girl and a one-year-old boy, plus Guide work, keep her days brimming with activity.

Will you ever forget, Riverenders, the moment when Joss Robb fell into the burning (?) cauldron and was stuck? (Garbage bin in Macbeth take-off). Daphne White, as a teacher now herself in Winnipeg, will frequently be reminded of the prankful days at her old school. Speaking of take-offs, Mrs. McGaw and Mrs. Hobday chuckled with glee when envisioning a Havergal pantomime presenting eight Alices!

One of our Executive, who sets sail for Ottawa soon, Pamela Garton McIver, a bride of only a few weeks ago, recounted an incident of a hair pulling contest between herself and Rosemary Henderson Marks (also married in February to Pat Marks, in preference to a continued and famous skating career). Both seem to have pulled through all right!

Mrs. John Campbell, nee Marjorie Hunt, brought us all back to the reality of the situation and the basic reason for our gaiety and happy memories. Yes, education. Marjorie's class of thirty-five, each carried one and a half dozen roses at the closing exercises and dance, and graduated eight of their number from university a few years later. A remarkable percentage.

One of our most effervescent speakers was a one-time field-day champion, who was presented as a result of her meritorious showing with the book entitled, "With Wolfe in Canada". Mrs. Hobday couldn't forget the crowded Grade XII classroom and the necessity to crawl over the desks to get into them. Hockey games, too, were paramount, especially one episode when the girls, playing opposite a boys' team (as usual), were strictly forbidden to check the Archbishop's sons!

I, as Chairman, hoped that I could squirm out of telling a story, but no such luck. Oh, those ghastly recesses spent in Miss Carter's sitting room for having run up and downstairs with Clem McNern Savage's lunch bag. In great fury, Miss Burns, our Grade V teacher, reprimanded me descriptively and chalked off a house-point. And the lunch wasn't even good!

So much for the carefree past of school days—let's push on to the present and see what some of our illustrious pals are doing, have done and profess to do. Here goes!

News

Sonja Nelson has opened a School of Dancing in far-off Prince Albert.

Betty Morgan Henderson has two delightful packages of joy (one of each), to score up on the Off-Spring List. Enjoys life in Calgary, too.

Annie Lou Ormiston, tabbed as Dexter, has a job with the BBC in London, England, and is seeing the marvels of Europe at first hand. Betty-Mae,

her sister, will be on staff at Deer Lodge Hospital this summer, before completing her physiotherapy course at Toronto next year.

Mrs. Bruce Cunningham, nee Judy Hanson, married last summer, is the proud mother of a baby girl.

Kathleen Adams Richardson and Dorothy Adams Rowlands now are living in Banff, Alta.

Ruth Monk retires in August as head of the Medical Library after a number of years and plans a two-year sojourn in New Zealand, England, Europe, U.S.A., before returning to Victoria where she plans to live.

Barbara Parliament Alexander is becoming accustomed to her role as an air force wife. Will be up-rooted from Winnipeg again in November. One little boy, Geoff.

Marilyn May experienced another breath-taking cruise—this time around South America. What fascinating experiences—Carnival at Rio and the rough seas of the Straits of Magellan.

Miriam Baker Blair is living in Quebec City. Two children.

Elaine McInnis Finnbogason is moving to Saskatoon.

Elizabeth Anne Beaton Sherman is living now in Vancouver.

Cara Joy Hughes received her M.A. Degree from Harvard this spring. Plans to stay on in England for the present.

Betty Muir is aspiring for her Ph.D. in philosophy at Providence, R.I.

Yours truly, Cecily Ann Gunn, is thrilled to be back in the 'Peg, working at an interesting research project for the Provincial Government. Two and a half years wandering from here to Vancouver, via the Panama Canal to Europe and six months at the Sorbonne, and short trips hither and thither in Europe, are wonderful memories to keep tucked away.

Barbara Cameron Stevens is married to a lawyer and is living in Victoria, B.C. A son and daughter so far.

Diana Grindley is studying music at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto.

Winnipeg General Hospital School of Nursing has many "Balmoral Hallers" on its roll: Joey Adamson, Beverley Alcock, Gail Brooking, Joan Malaher, Sylvia Pierce, Jennifer Rose, Jane Savage, Patricia Smith, Martha Travers.

Victoria General Hospital has on its roll: Carol Cross, June Harris, Maxine Wright.

Budding scientists at U. of M.: Daphne and Diane Smith, Gayle McLean, Joy McDiarmid, Jane Mathewson, and Marilyn Stephenson is in Home Economics.

Geills Kilgour and Honor Bonnycastle are off to Europe for the summer.

Julie Ann Harris and Arma Sifton are also joining forces for a European visit.

Dawna Duncan sets sights on medicine!

In Favour of St. John's College

(from a talk by Idella Aitkens, a Balmoral Hall graduate, to the Graduating Class.)

I have been asked by the Student Council to speak to the Graduating Class of Balmoral Hall on the value of attending St. John's College. Before speaking to you as a member of St. John's College, I would like to speak as a graduate of this School.

The motto of Balmoral Hall is "Meliora Petens". This motto should not only apply to the time you spend at School but should be carried into your life afterwards. Having been set in the way, you must continue in the way of "seeking better things". Many graduates of the school have fulfilled this in music, ballet, nursing and other spheres. I speak as one who is attempting to do so through a university education.

As you may know, the University of Manitoba is composed of many small faculties including Home Economics, Nursing Education, Arts, Science and many others. Basic to all courses is at least one year of Arts or Science. St. John's offers this basic course, as well as a complete arts course and two years of science leading to a B.A. or B.Sc. In this respect St. John's stands in competition with the University. There must therefore be certain values in attending St. John's rather than the University.

Academically, the value is that a small College offers more individual attention to the student—the same value as is found by attending an independent School rather than a large public School. The advantages, however, are not restricted to the academic aspect. Personal friendships are more rewarding—the difference between knowing seventy-five people well, and seventy-five people in passing. As a small college, St. John's competes in all extra-curricular activities of the University such as drama, choral society, and all sports, and has proved itself by winning the Dingwall Trophy for debating, the trophy for Varsity Varieties and several sports' trophies. Our Senior Stick is Vice-President of the Students' Union of the University, and last year, St. John's provided the editors for the Telephone Directory and the Brown and Gold. This excellent record is not only due to a greater requirement and participation from each student, but also to the spirit engendered in the College itself.

St. John's is also a Church College. As a Church School, Balmoral Hall seeks to direct its students towards better things. As a Church College, St. John's seeks to extend this through further intellectual growth. Our motto is, "In lumine tuo, videbimus lumen"—in Thy light shall we see light—and we feel that this is the culmination of "Meliora Petens" in the field of higher education.

As a member of St. John's College and a graduate of Balmoral Hall, I would therefore invite you to come to our college and continue to "seek better things."

Graduates

Grade XII

ANTHEA DYKES

"Dirk" has had one main pre-occupation all year—the school magazine. But this has not prevented her from taking part in numerous other activities. Whether it was as Prefect or in sports, this energetic miss has shone brightly. Her friends will miss the clowning and tom-foolery that stride gaily along with Anthea as she departs for university in her home province of Alberta. Our best to you, Dirk, and we hope you will remain as happy as you have made us.

AUDREY LE MAISTRE

"Odd", the charming class president of Grade XII and Literary Editor of the magazine, is one of our many boarders from Edmonton. "Odd" is an able and keen participant in all sports, being invaluable as a guard on the School basketball team. She is a strong alto in the choir, and rumour has it that she sings the XII's to sleep at night. In spite of her full schedule, this versatile boarder faithfully executes her duties as "Chief Turtle Keeper" and grows cacti in her spare time.

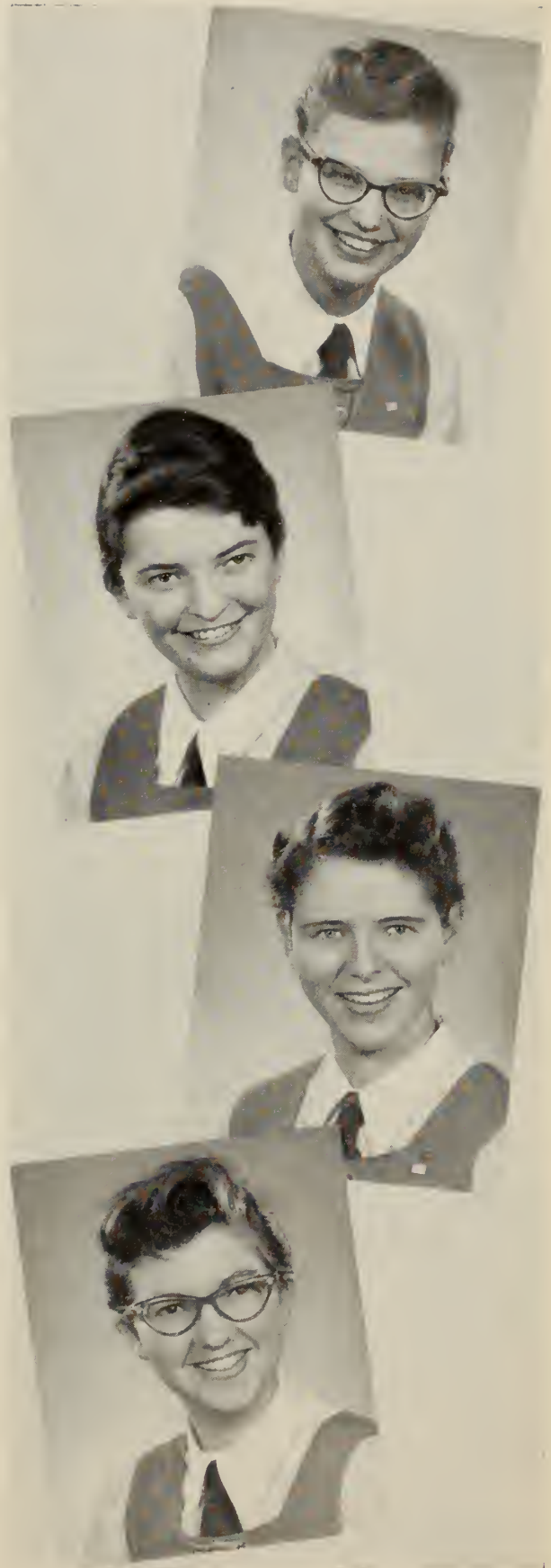
BETTY McRAE

Betty's duties as Prefect and Head of Craig Gowan House, along with being Head of the Residence, have meant a busy but happy year. Every job, in Betty's estimation, is worth doing well; she carries this motto through, adding the personal charm of a wide grin to the formula. Sports are a very real part of "Grannie's" extra-curricular life, for she starred as centre on the Senior Basketball team. The hearts of Balmoral go with you.

LYN STEPHEN

"The Lord above made man to 'elp 'is neighbour".

Lyn's winning smile and pleasant manner will always make Balmoral's busy "Beavah" a leader and a friend. Top academic grades as well as active participation in sports have led to a well-rounded personality in Linnie. Hailing from Redditt, Ontario, our Head Girl rounds off five years as a boarder to enter Winnipeg's General Hospital. The best luck ever as you carry the lamp through life.



Grade XI

ELSIE ALBERTSEN

Elsie, one of our capable Prefects, has had quite an active year. Besides being Head Librarian, she has participated in all sports and is a firm supporter of Glen Gairn House. You can usually find Elsie in the classroom studying—especially mathematics. Next year, Elsie plans to return to Balmoral Hall for her Grade XII— Good luck, Elsie!

JOANNE BLIGHT

Jo has had a very active year at Balmoral Hall. Besides being sports captain and a loyal supporter of Craig Gowan, she has been an efficient advertising manager of the School Magazine. Jo has even found time to participate in all sports, to sing in the school choir and most of all she has been an able and effective prefect. Next year will see her in the halls of Success. Good luck, Jo! we'll miss you.

KATHARINE FAHLMAN

"Kitty-Bugs", our energetic but unathletic Head of Braemar, can usually be found buying purple rinse to adorn her "purple-headed mountain." If it were possible, this would be written in purple ink, scented with Blue Grass. She is loved by everyone, and in time of need Kathy is always willing to help, even if she hasn't got her glasses on. Next year Kathy intends to horrify the Maths. Professor at the University of Manitoba. God bless her whatever she does.

NAOMI GENSER

"Gense", the uniform monitress for Craig Gowan, is our representative on Eaton's Junior Council this year. As well as being on the Magazine Executive, she has found time to play volleyball and to sing in the soprano section of the choir. She will long be remembered for her searches for the perfect diet. Next year will find "Gense" driving her "Rolls-Royce" to the U. of M. Happy days to you.

MARGARET GILLESPIE

Marg has led a very active year at school, despite the broken arm. She was class vice-president—an excellent one; she was a member of the Library Executive; she sang in the Choir and starred in the Christmas Nativity Service. Ballater found her a strong supporter and a good secretary-treasurer. For the boarders she was a bright light and an endless source of amusement. Next year will see her happy smile in Grade XII at Balmoral.



BERYL HOARE

"Boidy", our boarder from Montreal, has given us all outstanding leadership in the field of sports this year. However, even with the busy schedule of Sports Captain, prefect, member of the magazine executive and Choir, she has still found time to keep Grade Eleven in gales of laughter. Beryl is not sure yet whether she will be returning to England for further education or remaining in Canada, but whatever she decides to do, we wish her good luck in the future.

SHELAGH KELSEY

Shelagh has had a very busy year at Balmoral. She is a soprano in the Choir and in the "descant" section. She is uniform mistress of Ballater House and also may often be found in the art-room or library. She is art editor of the School magazine, and a highly successful member of its advertising committee. After Grade XII at Balmoral she hopes to be a doctor. All good wishes, Shelagh.

SUE MACK

"Schmack", our pert dark haired lass from Port Arthur, is one of Balmoral's "livelier" boarders. She is a member of the Library Executive and one of Grade Eleven's top French students. Between practising ballet and defending Port Arthur, Sue finds time to cheer all those around her with her friendly smile and helping hand. Next year will find Sue back for Grade XII. All the best in the future, Schmack!

MARGARET MACDERMID

Marg, a member of good standing in Glen Gairn House, is our boarder from Toronto. She often terrorizes her room-mates with her "slumberry agitation" and her love of onions. Margie-Ann, as "that certain boy" called her, is always ready and waiting for that mail from out of town. Next year the boarders will lose this happy "carrier of the post." Good luck to you, Marg. whatever you do!

GALE McLAUGHLIN

"Mickey", our cheerful l'il ole South Paw, hails from Calgary. She firmly believes that the West is the best, and belligerently defends it. Her Western jiving and infectious laugh rock the White House continually. She is an ardent and excellent member of both the basketball and volleyball teams, and she is Ballater's capable Head. Gale is thinking seriously of attending business college in Calgary next year. Best of luck, "Mickey"!





GAYLE MORRIS

Gayle, our quiet member in Grade XI, is not so quiet in the residence. Her love of lilac-time, even in winter, is quite overwhelming to her room-mates. She is a member of the Library Executive, and is a keen enthusiast in all sports. Gayle comes from that oily spot on the map, Virden. Next year she plans to continue at Balmoral Hall in Grade XII. Good luck, Gayle.

REESA RIESENBERG

Reesa has had a busy year as a firm supporter of Glen Gairn House and as a member of the Library Executive—fiction and art division. She sings in the soprano section of the School Choir and we see hopes of a future Liberace. Next year will find Reesa traversing the halls of "Success". Best of luck, Reesa, we will certainly miss you!

CAROL STIRLING

Carol is our senior track and field star. She was class President, is a member of the School Choir and is a busy member of the Library Executive. Carol, a day-girl for several years, is completing her School days as a boarder at Balmoral, so she really knows the school well. Next year Carol returns to the United States to join her family and go to College. The best of luck in all you do, Carol.

JAYNE SWINDEN

Jayne is the girl with the infectious laugh who brightens up the classroom with her sparkling personality. Despite her duties as class Vice-President, she still finds time to study Grade IX Piano, sing alto in the School Choir, and play volleyball and basketball on the Glen Gairn teams. A member of the Library Executive, Jayne is forever comparing "notes" with Carol. For transportation to the University of Manitoba next year, Jayne can depend on her trusty "beetle".

ALYSON THOMAS

Alley, alias Afton, is a busy prefect, the hard-working Head of Glen Gairn House, and a member of the School Choir. She participates in all sports, and was a valuable member of the School basketball team. Alyson was the star of the fashion show, modelling her graduation dress. Next year, Alley will enter Nursing at the Winnipeg General Hospital and we wish her all success.

CAROL TRIMBLE

Carol, better known as "Trimby", is secretary of Craig Gowan House. Besides being Class President, she is a member of the Library Executive and an ardent supporter of volleyball. On the musical side, she is a never-failing member of the Choir. Her favourite expression is "Those Warriors are going to win yet". Carol hopes to take Grade XII next year. Lots of luck in the future, "Trimby".



CAROL WALLACE

Carol, an eager member of Glen Gairn House, is Grade Eleven's star gymnast and ballet dancer. She also gives needed support to the soprano section of the School Choir, and, on Wednesdays, she can usually be found in the Library as she is on the Library Executive. Next year, Carol plans to enter Science at the University. Lots of luck in the future, Carol.



NANCY WHITE

Nancy, our energetic School Captain this year, sings in the School Choir and is on the Magazine Executive. Always willing to lend a helping hand, she can usually be found at five to nine giving aid to some lost physics student. Cheerful Nancy keeps Grade XI in good spirits and does a thoughtful job as a Prefect. We wish her the best of luck next year!



JENNIFER YOUNG

"Jeff", the sparkling sports captain of Braemar House, excels not only in sports, but also in gymnastics and ballet. She is, besides, a valued member of the soprano section in the School Choir. Balmoral Hall will see Jeff back for Grade Twelve, and then perhaps she will go to School in Switzerland, but whatever she does, our good wishes will go with her.



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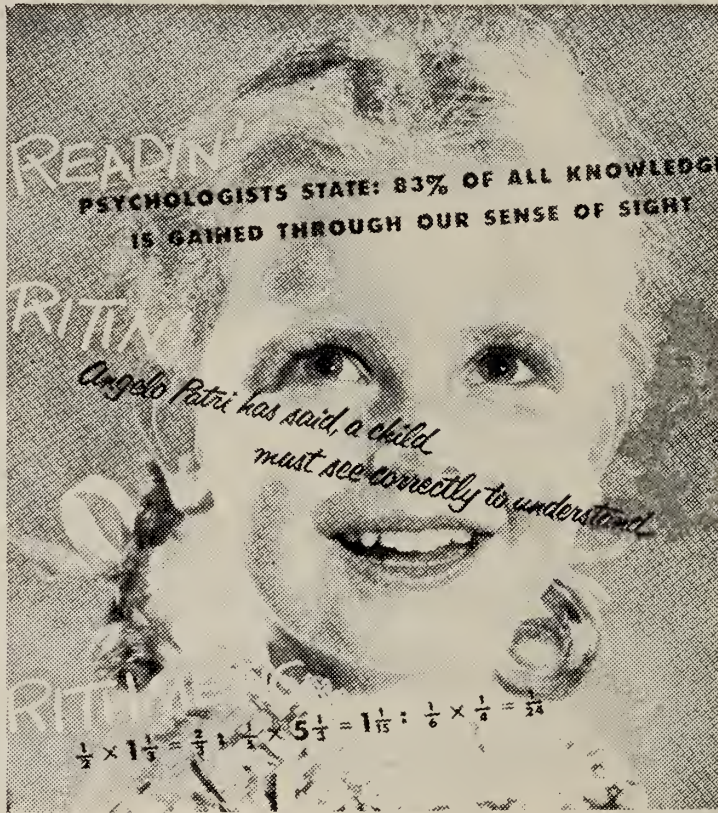
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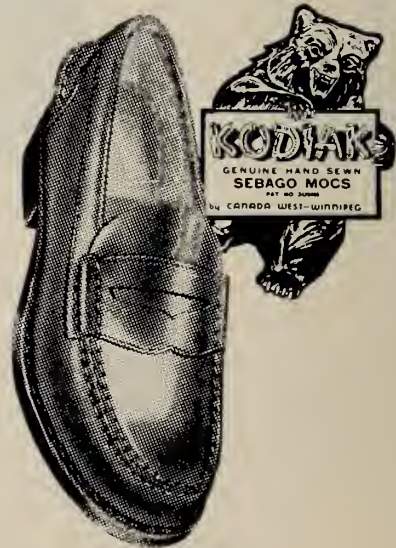
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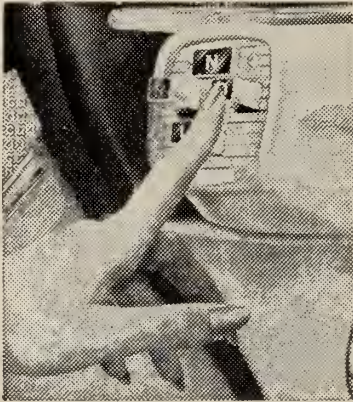
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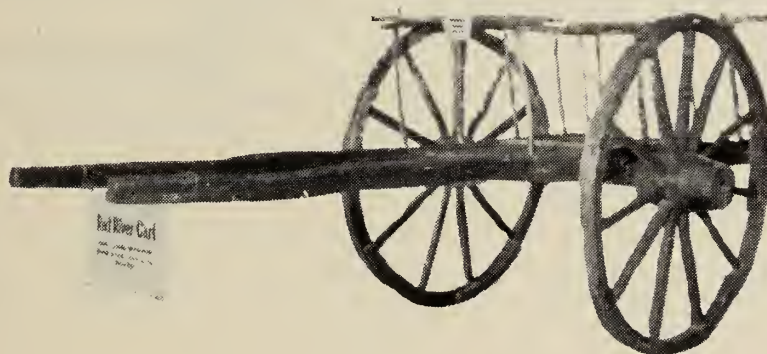
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